THE COMMONWEAL

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THE TWO AMERICAS

THAT portion of the western hemisphere included under the comprehensive title, Latin America, may not lie closer to the hearts of United States citizens than it did before the war. But there is no doubt that it is lying closer every year to their imagination. One result of the great war has been a new concern with countries that were not upheaved by it. One thing that has followed on post-war arrangements, made with scant regard to what this country would like to see, has been a new and more intense concentration on problems and opportunities lying nearer home, and which are not disturbed by political legacies dating back to days when American wishes and American ideals had not yet been formulated.

History, indeed, presents few such stimulating and puzzling pictures as this of two continents, bound, in the natural course of events, to influence one another profoundly, yet proceeding for centuries in their development under racial, religious and political influences where every element of division is present. A very interesting monograph might be written on the varying fashion in which, at various times, relations between South and North America have presented themselves to our people. What might be called premonitory flashes of a common destiny have not been absent. One was very evident in the brave notice, given the world at a period when material means for enforcing it were scanty, that European claims on the allegiance of peoples south of the Rio Grande, no matter how plausibly supported by ancient charters and ancient prescriptive rights, had come to an end. At uneven intervals (in 1848 in Yucatan, in 1853 in Cuba, in 1866 in Mexico, in 1895 in Venezuela) they have never failed to appear in response to any challenge of a doctrine that has come to be the settled and recognized principle of America's foreign policy. Sometimes they have been the answer to no more than a suspicion that the doctrine conceivably, and under the pressure of special circumstances, might be tested. That phase of the Monroe Doctrine which called for periodical assertion seems to be over and, so far as the furthest political vision can reach, over indefinitely. Held as a resolute and nation-wide conviction, and backed by the force that can render conviction irresistible, it is not easy to imagine any nation or group of nations that would question it today.

This is by no means to say that the problems and difficulties associated with it are at an end. For the weakness of the famous doctrine lies in the fact that, while universally accepted, it has never been defined for the enlightenment of the countries who are its beneficiaries. Mingled with the satisfaction with which

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it is regarded by all patriotic Americans is a growing feeling in many thoughtful quarters, for which the word apprehension is hardly too strong, that some unforeseen incident is quite possible which might call for its belated clarification in terms that would be anything but acceptable to nations south of the Isthmus of Panama. Rather notably the New York Times recently devoted two long articles to the growth in South America of a spirit of nationalism whose impetus has been precisely the peril inherent in a doctrine so vague and ill-defined. "Nationalism," concludes Mr. Earle K. James, after a survey of monographs on the question by six authors in Buenos Aires and Mexico, "is rampant—nationalism born of growing self-consciousness fertilized by the fear of the colossus of the North." "The immediate aim," says Mr. Scott Mowrer, in his article on Pan-Latinism as a World Force, "is to save Central America from the menace of 'Anglo-Saxon imperialism.' "

Now, making all allowance for the skill of special writers in dressing up their conclusions and giving an appearance of crisis to what may prove to be a chronic grievance, the picture is sufficiently disquieting. If, at the moment Europe is handing in its whole-hearted adhesion to the Monroe Doctrine, half of the continent affected can be plausibly shown as turning its face to Europe and seeking, in the League of Nations or elsewhere, some moral support that will not leave it unchampioned in a day of trial, it behooves all North Americans, who seek the peaceful and equitable solution of a geographical problem, to search their hearts, and see whether, in the shape they have allowed their protection to take, some lack of sympathy or understanding has not permitted an implied menace to lurk.

Against forebodings in South America, there is a great deal to set that should allay fear and remove misunderstanding. In the place of honor due it on all counts there is the unequivocal declaration of the President himself, made the other day before the Pan-American Union, that "our associates . . . all stand on an absolute equality with us. It is the often declared and established policy of this government to use its resources, not to burden them, but to assist them; not to control them, but to coöperate with them." There is the work of such bodies as the American Academy of Political and Social Science which are making "constructive proposals for solving problems arising between the United States and Latin America" their goal, and which at Philadelphia recently suggested an "Inter-American Commission of Enquiry and Conciliation," which might become in time an effective substitute for the League of Nations or the Court of Arbitration at The Hague, altogether free of the objections and entanglements that would almost certainly arise from having contentious American matter thrashed out in Europe.

There is one consideration, however, that The Commonweal feels constrained to advance, not with any suggestion that it is being overlooked in the programs that men of good will are drawing up, but simply because no evidence transpires in the press report of the proceedings, at Philadelphia or Washington, that it enters into their calculations at all. We would prefer to term it a fervent hope that whatever is done to clarify our relations with Spanish or Portuguese America will take into account the fact that throughout the southern half of our continent one faith and one only holds the imagination of the immense majority of its people.

The Calvary which the ancient Church in Mexico is being suffered, in God's providence, to tread; the secular aspect of most of the South American constitutions, which were the belated offspring of the revolutionary ideal in Europe; and, we would add, the slanders of many free-thinking and materialistic Ibero-Americans, who are attracted to Protestantism by the very elements in it that are most antagonistic to spiritually-minded Protestants in Europe and the United States, are obscuring from the general mind the great truth that South America was, is, and is likely to remain, a Catholic continent. Despatches that do not attract much attention from the lay press, but which Catholic newspapers and reviews see every month (the confession of faith made by the Brazilian President at the time of his inauguration, the recent triumph of the Catholic party in Guatemala, the papal festivities held in February in Bolivia with the coöperation of all the civic authorities, are only a few of these) tell another story.

In any effort to put the relations between the two Americas on a footing that no future accident shall disturb, the corporate machinery of the Catholic Church on earth, dedicated by its Supreme Head in his first encyclical to the cause of peace, suggests itself as the most natural solvent for mutual misunderstandings, and the body of Catholic clergy and laity on both continents as its most natural spokesmen. The idea of a great Pan-American Catholic Congress, to meet in the United States, was suggested very clearly in an interview given by Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago to visiting prelates from South America at the time of the Eucharistic Congress. But it is by no means the novelty that it then seemed to many. During the closing years of a long and honored diplomatic career, the late Don Julio Betancourt, representative at Washington from the Republic of Colombia, had sought to familiarize the American public with the idea, and to outline a working scheme.

In one form or another, the taking into council of Catholic feeling on the subject appears, to us at least, inevitable. To leave it out of the question while accepting at face value the many activities whereby Protestant missionary effort, thinly veiled behind a program of social betterment, is holding up to "backward" South America salvation through material progress at the price of an abandonment of its traditional spiritual loyalties, is only to invite the resentment and dispersal of effort that insures failure.

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WEEK BY WEEK

ONLY a blurred trail of rumor leads to where Nungesser and Coli may have come down in some remote part of Labrador. They and their plane are, as yet, adrift in the unknown through which popular emotion is following and searching with great dramatic intensity. It was natural that the pride of France should have been lavished upon them so freely. They were men who had borne the tricolor aloft on dazzling flights that seemed almost like symbols of victory, and their attempt to cross the ocean at one stride held as much of venturesome daring as a human exploit could. On the evening of their great day hope and anxiety were fearfully mingled; and then, dabbling freely in rumors and falsifications of news, Paris journals of the tabloid variety announced a victory. When this report was denied, crowds in the most volatile and theatrical of cities burst into vehement denunciations of "America," out of which untruth had come and which therefore seemed utterly callous. But in all reality, the common people of the larger United States cities were following the magnificent aerial adventure with hope of the most enthusiastic kind. France needs to be told of the little crowds which formed instantly wherever a vendor deposited a fresh bundle of papers —crowds from offices and stores whose disappointment was more keen and sympathetic as the bulletins became more vague and disquieting. Coming to the fore after days when cheap gossip had been the major news, the White Bird's cruise stirred the nation. In our time poetry lies, perhaps, in action; and the rhythms of achievement, of desperate battles against the siege of nature, rouse our people as the antique bards did their crowds. At any rate, our experience has been enriched by the daring of these French argonauts out on a cruise for glory. It is still not too late to hope for some good news, and the action of the New York Times in authorizing the president of the Legislative Council of Newfoundland to investigate all clews is particularly commendable. But one realizes how few are the portents of victory and how firm is the likelihood of ultimate disaster. Perhaps the vast northern wilderness will never surrender its story; but Nungesser and Coli have written theirs in terms of immortal heroism against terrible odds.

OUR recent comment upon the Austrian elections needs supplementing with a reference to circumstances brought to light since then. The final electoral count revealed a plurality of about 450,000 votes for the combined anti-socialistic parties, which is regarded as indicating a serious increase in the radical strength. The Christian Social party has lost seven parliamentary mandates, four of which have passed to one of the more conservative parties. Vienna will be governed very much as before, which means a determined effort to secularize the city's educational and religious institutions in so far as that is possible under the prevailing laws. These results are viewed by many as ominous. Why is it, various editors ask, that Austria alone of all the western nations has not thrown off the incubus of Marxism? According to them, the whole blame cannot be thrown upon economic conditions, peculiar and desperate though these are. A feeling exists that Monsignor Seipel has placed so much stress upon business and financial rehabilitation that the "firm endeavor" to uphold the country's prestige in the face of the world has totally disintegrated. It is also stated in conservative circles that the value of historical tradition as a bulwark of the national morale has been sacrificed. Thus the factor "dissatisfaction" is hard at work within the hard-pressed old sanctuary of the empire. From a distance one is able to see better, perhaps, than could those close at hand how very much has been done to draw the nation out of an economic and moral abyss. If more remains to be accomplished, surely the record of past achievement is the best of auguries. Socialism in Austria is the spawn of desperate conditions. In view of what the country has been obliged to endure, it is no wonder that many should have found the task too burdensome.

BISHOP MANNING'S charge to his diocese that prayer be offered throughout Christendom for the success of the Lausanne Conference on faith and order will find an echo in every religious heart. The Bishop points out that though the Catholic Church has declined to send delegates, it views the meeting with the fullest charity and will support it with daily petition. "Regard not our sins but the faith of Thy Church and

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grant her the peace and unity which is agreeable to Thy will" has, indeed, been the prayer of Catholic saints and faithful throughout the ages. If in this our day we see clearly and deplore from our hearts the dissensions, the bitternesses, which have set so many souls in Christendom in opposition to one another, it is well there should be a world-wide resolution of charity and of submission to the Divine desire. The time is filled with deeds of unbelief and disorder. If social stability is threatened, the luminous harmony of many individual souls is even more endangered. Movements tending to pervert some purpose of Christianity are now so numerous that no one can count them all or gauge their collective influence. And yet one great hope has been given us—the fire of profound charity that has been enkindled so greatly in our time, revealing our common destiny and the meanness of much strife, stirring in us all the desire for a reign of peace and benevolence. Charity is the virtue in which there is most of life. Nevertheless, it will forever remain impossible that within the pale of necessarily dogmatic religion any spirit of fraternizing should dissipate objective realities. "Upon this rock I build My Church" are words the firmness of which cannot corrode.

QUITE recently The Commonweal had occasion to refer to the strange case of a government school in one of our western states, whose incumbent had found herself left without a single scholar on her hands, and to mention parallel cases in France, where pioneer conditions could not be offered as an explanation. Statistics, which have just been extracted from the French government by persistent questioning in the Chamber, point to a state of things for which a better word than Gilbertian has yet to be found. We can well believe, with the Paris correspondent of l'Osservatore Romano, that the story has "excited lively comment" in all the journals which have picked it up as a news item. Briefly, the records show that at the present moment 1,182 government schools exist in France, equipped with every facility for conveying instruction untainted with religion to little republicans, but that not a single little republican, boy or girl, is sent to take advantage of them, and that, in addition, 1,476 are listed where the facilities are exploited for the benefit of less than six pupils. Naturally, the government, in furnishing these figures, refrained from mentioning one contributory cause that will occur to many who know France and the French countryside. But the news that in certain communes the extreme course has had to be taken of refusing subsidies to those who send their children to schools in which religion is still part of the curriculum will sufficiently indicate it.

ONE continuous costly catastrophe, the Mississippi flood, has concentrated attention upon what can be done in the future. During a generation engineers have devoted their skill and such funds as were available to the construction of a series of levees. Perhaps they might have done more, but one is inclined to doubt that the system of prevention they tried to organize could be carried much nearer perfection. Students of the problem are now emphasizing once more those aids which nature herself offers for the control of rebellious torrents. It is pointed out that forests tend to retard sudden accumulation of rain water and to safeguard that vegetative top-soil which is so retentive of moisture. The Department of Agriculture therefore suggests "largely increased programs for public forests on tributary headwaters, both by the federal and the state governments." It also proposes a "general reduction of soil erosion to prevent rapid run-off and the clogging of streams," pointing to the fact that in many places rivers have actually been filled in, during a short period of time. The present writer may adduce here his astonishment at finding, during a visit to a fertile middle-western district after an absence of some few years, that the small tributaries to the Mississippi were at once much smaller and muddier, even in a dry season, than they had been. In this sense the present flood is a lesson to the effect that neglect of the soil and the forests is not merely economic waste of a gross sort, but also the introduction to calamity. One must doubt, of course, that these remedies can prove effective in anything like the immediate future. It may be that engineers will have to devise something like huge reservoirs, artificial lakes, into which the surplus of flood times can be drained. But the Department of Agriculture wisely looks far into the future.

"EVERY conversion is a sentence," wrote the great thinker Pascal, quoted by Paul Claudel in the "Correspondence" which we review in another part of this issue. The simile might be stretched further to include every misgiving felt by an individual or corporate body on effort that has become a part of the past. In telling the Buffalo Methodist Union that Methodism in America stands at a "parting of the ways," Bishop Adna W. Leonard is only uttering a truth that is apparent to critics as well as to friends of the body for which he speaks. Ways part not only to right and left, but before and behind. There is no spot on the straightest road where the traveler, doubtful whether the direction he has chosen is that which shall lead him toward his goal, is not at liberty at least to retrace his steps. And it is in the form of a plea for return that Bishop Leonard chooses to voice his appeal to his brethren. "Today," he tells them (presumably speaking for his own body of belief and practice) "there is a waning interest in religion. . . . To accomplish the great work that is before us we must return to that passionate Methodism, that firm belief that Jesus Christ is the one and only Redeemer of the world." And again he says: "If we accept this challenge we shall find ourselves greatly strengthened. If we fail, we will have neglected our work."

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THESE are words that no believing Christian, within or without the connection of Wesley, will have a moment's hesitation in endorsing. The trouble with them is that, in so far as the Methodist body is concerned, they tell only a part of the truth. It is a conjecture that we offer Bishop Leonard whether possibly the "waning interest" he sees in the spiritual message his church has to deliver, may not have some connection with the form which, for a decade at least, its governors have chosen to give it. A letter written a few days ago to the New York World upon the subject of Methodist activities at Washington may be an ex-parte statement. But as an expression of how Methodist and Baptist activities are striking a portion of our citizenry it deserves quotation. "Representing less than 20 percent of the country's population, they dominate Congress, dictate the appointment of judges and public officials, relegate able public men who refuse to obey their mandates to private life, and subordinate all rights and important affairs of state to their mania as to what constitutes morals. This religious invasion of state affairs is accomplished by dark-lantern deals unknown to the people." In hearkening what he terms a "challenge" to the Methodist body to resume its "fullest life as a missionary church," Bishop Leonard need not close his ears to other challenges, nearer home, which call loudly and urgently for the plain answer that has never yet been vouchsafed them.

VULGARITIES of thought and diction which are barely tolerable in the home atmosphere gain an added distastefulness when they are voiced abroad, if only because they afford jaunty critics, never neglectful of such opportunities, a chance to peck blithely at spots where they deem American culture to be thinly laid on. The Manchester Guardian is quite entitled to all the fun it extracts from the recent request made by an American "expert" in film production, to the Home Secretary in London, to find him some young Englishman of transcendental type who can be offered in his forthcoming production as "the real representative of the spiritual forces of his country," an "artistic ambassador" for all that is "cherished and encouraged by its leaders." But it has no warrant for hinting that such rant is a peculiarly American product, and wisely does not try very hard, beyond a sly suggestion that the country which has invented the comprehensive term "bunk" to cover all such exorbitancies shows no sign of reducing its output. Wisdom comes and goes, but imbecility remains a constant. Roget and the Standard Dictionary lie upon the desks of the just and unjust. Each country chooses the forms of humbug to which its genius leads it, and all that can be charged against our own is a certain good-humored lenity when phraseology that belongs to more or less lofty thought is applied to the great purpose of turning a more or less groveling dollar. Meantime it is comforting to think that in no other country in the world does so rich an armory of terse words and phrases exist ("blah," "bunk," "hot air," "wise-crack," etc., etc.) with which to pierce the pasteboard armor of bombast at need.

VILE print, apparently engendered in enormous quantities by the war, has as yet given Americans only relatively little concern. It is true that a great many anxious people have expressed themselves upon the subject; that here and there police action has been taken against obscenity; and that debates have been conducted with reference to the censorship of books and magazines. But on the whole the variations in pornography and allied themes have progressed until one can safely say that even the child mind has received from them a new orientation. We have believed that, reckoning with the temper of the American people, matters would sooner or later rectify themselves, granted that something like a strong effort were made to develop a literature of decency. But in all truth one is tempted to lose hope, particularly in view of that scurrilous press which has used criminal trials and theatre scandals as pegs upon which to have every kind of odorous display. One now feels an earnest respect for public opinion in countries like Germany, Ireland, and Italy, where public opinion is actually legislating against immorality with a frank determination to root out literary prostitution. Let us hope, too, that the recent recommendations of the Sacred Congregation on this subject will find an echo in all American religious hearts. In protesting especially against the vogue of a kind of "lecherous mysticism," Cardinal Merry del Val spoke a forceful word for public decency. There is no reason why any mind, immature or not, should revel in what some popular panderer manages to dish up out of a perverse blend of sexuality and religious feeling. Only one of these books in a thousand is even sincere. Written with an eye toward "gate receipts," they insult the intelligence of man even while undermining that resistance to degrading passions upon which every worthily lived life must be built.

ANOTHER addition has been made to that long list of specialized degrees which so frequently makes an old-fashioned observer of academia wonder what the world is coming to. The newcomer is "Bachelor of Science in Hospital Administration," and designates proficiency in the administration of hospital business, organization and education. In introducing the courses preliminary to this degree, Marquette University has arranged an unusual program of welcome. Reverend C. B. Mouliner, S.J., and Dr. Malcolm MacEachern, who have done so much to improve hospital conditions throughout the country, announce the meeting of the Clinical Congress of North America in Milwaukee during the four days following June 20 of this year. This congress, to be held under the auspices of Marquette University, is a new variety of hospital convention, and will offer direct professional and expert technical demonstration of the various hospital depart-

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ments. No doubt the number of persons interested will be sufficiently large to make the congress a decided success. Simultaneously there will also be held the Third Annual Convention of the International Catholic Guild of Nurses, whose director, Reverend E. F. Garesché, S.J., announces that the Guild now has members in more than two hundred cities of the United States and that it is well established in Canada. It is easy to see, therefore, that the summer in Milwaukee will testify to important and fruitful advancement in hospital service.

HOLDING stubbornly to the belief that sanctity and self-sacrifice are the two prophylactics most clearly indicated for the ills of the contemporary world, and that heroism is a common ground upon which all sorts and conditions of men meet most easily and happily, The Commonweal admits to a peculiar pleasure when called upon to chronicle the activities of any fellow-Christians within or without its communion who are members of the Church-militant in a very special sense. The career of Monsignor Jean Marie Marcel Rodié, priest of the diocese of Fréjus, who has just been called to the see of Ajaccio, merits a passing tribute. An artillery officer before his ordination, and of sufficient merit in his profession to be sent on a special mission to the Far East, Monsignor Rodié had only been four years a priest when he was recalled to his old life by the harsh necessities of war. Between August, 1914, and the day of the Armistice, this soldier-priest saw continuous service on the Somme, at Chemin des Dames, and the defense of Rheims, earning not only the Legion of Honor, but the Croix de Guerre with three citations. Students of history hardly need to be reminded that the associations of the new bishop's see are not pacific ones; and for the birthplace of the greatest soldier of modern times, an incumbent peculiarly fitted to fill it seems to have been chosen.

A HUNDRED years ago, on April 7, 1827, John Walker of Stockton-on-Tees recorded in his day-book the first sale of what came to be known as "friction-matches," in contradistinction to the kind of match which was caused to spring into flame by being dipped into a bottle containing a chemical which stimulated the action. Walker, though trained and qualified as a surgeon, had developed "an invincible horror to surgical operations." He switched instead to the minor branch of pharmacy, having always been fond of chemistry and of experimenting. Nature, the English scientific journal, gives a detailed account of his discovery, which need not be particularized here. Suffice it to say that this particular Johnny Walker—"no relative, it may be presumed, to the other and neighboring Johnny Walker after whom the celebrated whiskey is named"—produced and sold the first matches which "struck," on the box or elsewhere. Smokers will like to think that a Mr. Hixon who bought that original box of matches used the very first of them to light his pipe.

MR. COOLIDGE AGAIN

IS MR. COOLIDGE to lead the Republican attack a third time? To this question his laconic self has, of course, given no reply. Nevertheless there is abroad a general assumption that the next nominating convention will propose his name, and that he will not be unwilling to bow to its acclaim. This assumption is based primarily upon repeated statements by men close to the direction of Republican affairs. It is strengthened by the fact that Mr. Coolidge has no immediate political rival. The most prominent Republican in Congress, Senator Borah, would steer the party straight toward "dryness"—a course it must seek to avoid at all costs. Besides, there are plenty of signs that the party has made up its mind about a program of economy, protection and foreign relations which it proposes to cling to resolutely. It is a serene, conservative program which is aided far better by dignity than by brilliant leadership. Mr. Coolidge has come to represent dignity.

But all estimates of the political future must reckon with indications of actual voting strength. Here one fact immediately leaps to the fore. The Middle-West may seek to promote the candidacy of somebody like Governor Lowden, but it will do so realizing full well that after this gesture of agricultural protest the real business of voting must be taken up seriously. That for the Middle-West would be synonymous with support of Mr. Coolidge, provided he assented to the nomination. There is no doubting the fact that the eventualities of the world war made the states of which Chicago is the nucleus as solidly Republican as the Civil War made the South Democratic. The drift of political sentiment was not apparent during the struggle to develop a liberal and agrarian movement, but it is quite obvious now. Mr. Coolidge has not satisfied the economic expectations of farm communities, but quite as certainly the Democrats in Congress have failed to suggest expedient remedies. The President has, however, gratified every wish of the Middle-West for political isolation from Europe and for resistance to the policies of Mr. Wilson. That may be largely a sentimental factor, but it is paramount and against it no Democratic candidate, however attractive, is likely to succeed.

Fortified with this reserve of energy, Mr. Coolidge at present stands an even chance to carry every state that may legitimately be considered doubtful. The one thing that might have wrecked his prestige —the Mexican situation—has been handled with great political adroitness, however far from satisfactory the real course of events may be. In the President Republicanism has, therefore, a candidate singularly free from offensive angles or distressing irregularities. The desire to nominate him will be great and perhaps irresistible. Taking all things into consideration, that nomination would look like victory—were it not for one supremely inconvenient fact.

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What about the third term? The tradition that no man shall be invested with the supreme executive office during more than two terms has never been seriously challenged, Mr. Roosevelt's stand in 1912 being a forlorn hope without the slightest possible chance of success. It reposes, of course, upon our national conviction that any approach toward monarchies or dictatorships would be antagonistic to the spirit of our institutions. It is supported, however, far more firmly by the simple popular feeling that there is something essentially sacred in political precedent. For many conservative persons, a break with this "tacit agreement" would be almost equivalent to repudiation of the Constitution. Many more would feel that the departure from third-term precedent would not be serious now, but might be invoked calamitously as an example in the future. Certainly it is time to do some vigorous thinking about this issue, quite independently of Mr. Coolidge's person or the chances of political victory.

JUSTICE AND SOCIETY

THE National Conference of Social Work is one of the oldest and most valuable of American organizations concerned with the alleviation of social misery. This year its president has been Dr. John A. Lapp, whose work as director of the Department of Social Action, National Catholic Welfare Conference, has done so much to awaken and solidify Catholic energies. His address to the National Conference, which met this year at Des Moines, Iowa, on May 11, dealt with the problem of justice as that affects social relations. Much contained in it is of the greatest interest, even though Dr. Lapp never ceases to be quite as individual as the most personal could desire.

Charity, he believes, "points the way to justice." This is "the goal and as it is attained, the obligations of charity are taken over by the institutions of justice." The relations between the two may be thus stated concretely: "We feed the starving man who has not food to eat nor work by which he may earn it, but justice demands the establishment of the principle that society is bound to provide the opportunity to everyone to earn a living." During the past two centuries greater emphasis upon this principle has been made necessary by vast changes in habits of living. Out of a pastoral society mankind plunged with almost catastrophic suddenness into an industrial maelstrom, wherein "the individual has become helpless to cope with the new forces." Progress toward justice has been made, but the record of contemporary conditions is dark enough. "From four to five million people actually recipients of material relief; a million and a quarter in institutions for defectives, dependents and delinquents; nine million at the free dispensaries for medical aid; five hundred thousand dependent children in the care of public or private benevolences. Twelve million people in the United States suffer at this moment from the calamity of destitution or its near approach. A great army, one in every ten, of the population marches in the shadow of poverty." Dr. Lapp determines as one notable advance toward the reign of justice the establishment of workingmen's compensation, and advocates as another the adoption of social insurance. From this point of view, he holds, "government is the only agency that can protect men in their essential integrity."

"The other side to the program of justice," Dr. Lapp proceeds to say, "is protection against the social causes of destitution and decay." This is violently opposed by all advocates of the vicious principle of laissez-faire. They go so far "as to challenge the right of government regulation of almost anything or anyone. There is more individualistic—not to say anarchistic—cant in this country than at any previous time. The anti-prohibitionists with their cry of personal liberty, founded though it is upon individual selfishness, have about wrecked the true conception of government control of evils. To be consistent these same destructionists go so far as to condemn any and all control of conduct. Even the prohibition of habit-forming drugs is to them an infringement of personal liberty. What may the government regulate, control or prohibit if not such human destroyers as habit-forming drugs or intoxicating liquors? Apparently nothing. And lo! we have the anarchistic state."

After reading a paragraph like this, one is inclined to feel that the very sincere and enthusiastic author momentarily overlooked the virtue of temperance. If there is more individualistic cant in this country than previously, a good sociologist ought to be interested in determining the cause. That is obviously only one thing—the conviction of a great many fairly intelligent persons that intoxicating liquor and habit-forming drugs cannot be bracketed scientifically or logically, and that there is a similar divergence between regulation and prohibition. If Dr. Lapp's phrase, "Justice requires that opportunity be given to everyone to realize his best self," means anything it is that everyone is justly entitled to the use of such good things as may help to develop him; and if alcoholic beverages are not a good, it remains for Dr. Lapp to prove it against the conviction of millions of reasonably normal citizens and to take into cognizance, among other things, an inconvenient biblical example. Indeed the opposition to liquor enforcement may lead to anarchy. This ought sometime to suggest that possibly the enforcement is the source not merely of the opposition but also of the anarchy.

The question of the scope of government in the establishment of justice is a very great and ominous question. We must avoid on the one hand repression of legitimate individuality and on the other all selfish and foolish fears of "paternalism." Millions of our fellowmen cannot solve the economic and social puzzles of modern life. The very existence of society depends upon its willingness not to repose upon a starkly impossible and heartrendingly burdensome code. Dr. Lapp's comments on the subject deserve a wide reading.

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THE SAINTS IN MAINE

By MARY ELLEN CHASE

IN MAINE, twenty-five years ago, the saints endured a questionable, not to say sinister reputation, which even today in most portions of that fair state they have yet to live down. Only some half-dozen of them were, under scriptural sanction, accepted in our seacoast village and those by no appellation save their given names. The text for the Sunday sermon was taken from Matthew, never from the Gospel according to Saint Matthew; he who, standing in the porch of the high priest's palace, thrice denied his Lord, whose very imperfections should make him the willing intercessor of us all, received from us no glorifying prefix to soften and illumine his remorseful condemnation; and that cultured Greek physician and poet, the author of the Third Gospel and the Book of the Acts, was, in matters of address at least, accorded no more respect than was tendered the village idiot, who bore his name.

And yet, in spite of our unwillingness to canonize by the words of our mouths these flaming spirits, we did sing loudly on Sunday evenings our intention of gathering with them by the river on that day which is to herald a new and spiritual democracy; and on certain solemn occasions we repeated together in strained accents that phrase from the Apostles' Creed which bound us to believe in communion with them—a phrase which early caused me no little anxiety. My Sunday-school teacher, a patient, quite scripless pilgrim of the straight and narrow way, explained to me on the occasion of my "joining" the village church that this statement in which I was expected to pledge my complete faith might be interpreted in one of two ways: either it referred to our belief in the celestial conversations of those pious souls who were already among the blest, or it strove to deify the conferences of the faithful who were still among us. Neither explanation satisfied my groping, fourteen-year-old mind. The first was too remote for comfort. The second, which suggested an apotheosized parish meeting or Christian Endeavor convention, struck me, even at that age, as both absurd and blasphemous. Such communion surely smacked only of, at best, a Barmecide feast! But when, unwilling to accept either, I stammeringly asked if the provoking words might not possibly suggest unknown yet open avenues of grace between us and certain Shining Ones, I was told in horror-stricken tones that such an interpretation was contrary to the nature of the church to which I had sworn my allegiance, that it savored strongly of the pernicious doctrine of a sect to be avoided, and that I must immediately take steps to correct my error by repairing to the parsonage for more light!

As to saints outside the scriptural wing, we knew almost nothing of them until we entered college where they were held in somewhat higher repute. The thought and imagination of our childhood which they might have nourished and colored existed without them like the dimly burning wicks of the prophet. In the village academy, to be sure, we heard of Saint Francis, who was also presented to us with no prefix and whom for years I associated with a thin, long-faced gentleman sent out by some society to deliver at our front doors folded verses of Scripture called Comfort Powders. His sermon to his little brothers, the birds, his bearing in his arms the vision-struck little boy who had tied his cord to that of the saint, the delightful chronicle of the wolf of Gubbio—those which should be the birthright of every child were not ours. We heard, too, of Joan of Arc, then unsainted, but as in the case of Saint Francis she was presented from the moral rather than from the romantic viewpoint; and we little knew what treasures were hidden beneath that ancient Domremy tree and by that quiet pool, which once imaged in its crystal-clear depths the forms of celestial visitors.

Our slight acquaintance with both saints, indeed—and it was very slight—left us rather stupidly impressed by their great goodness and by their service to mankind which we must ever seek to emulate; but the grace and beauty of themselves, the incidents, human and humorous, clustering about them, the consciousness that they had known God, and not by precept—with these we had nothing to do. In fact, my sister Cynthia and I, but recently comparing notes, agree that the special brand of Puritanism to which we were subjected a quarter of a century ago was devoid of any beauty save the ethical and moral, and in proof of our contention recall with amusement how our adolescent delight in the triumphal glory of Saint Paul's life and words was once quenched by the caustic observation of our Sunday-school teacher that in view of his early sins he richly deserved the stonings and the shipwrecks, the cold and the nakedness, the perils in various parts so joyously chronicled in his second letter to Corinth. We knew that Saint George had once killed a dragon; we had a picture of Saint Cecilia playing the organ among the falling roses of cherubs; and we surmised that Saint Patrick, whom we vaguely associated with reputed spectacular achievements in Ireland, was the subject of jokes in other and more metropolitan places.

It is hardly necessary to add that the Virgin, though held to be blessed among women, was revered among us only because of reflected glory. Our Protestant community, like all others of its kind, stood immovably against Mariology, and even in ancient and beautiful legends saw a dimming of the hard, bright light of truth! So Cynthia and I never glimpsed the wheat-

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field by the Nile as it sprang to golden harvest at one gracious word; nor heard of that simple brother who, in spite of much labor and sorrow, could learn but Ave Maria!, but from whose dead lips sprang a white lily in token of the Virgin's understanding and honor; nor stood with the monks in amazed wonder to see Our Lady wipe with a fold of her blue mantle the sweat from the brow of Barnabas, the juggler, head downward before her statue and juggling with six brass balls and twelve shining knives.

Such, then, was our provincialism in matters spiritual; yet New England hills and valleys might have nurtured saints and pilgrims as well as Aegean heroes and immortals. The latter—be it said with thanksgiving!—were not kept far from us; and neither struggles with the aorist and optative nor despair over irregular verbs could dull for us the sudden and stupendous perception, born of Homeric hexameters, that beauty might exist for itself alone. Indeed, for the fortunate New England children subjected to them, the classics struck wells of water in a Puritan Valley of Baca; and Nausicaa with her maidens quite uselessly playing at ball, presumably on a Monday morning, lighted many candles in the youthful imaginations of Maine.

In these last years, however, conscious of our loss, Cynthia and I, though still Protestant, yea Puritan in certain inescapable moments, have embraced the saints, and in their charming companionship have found true the genial promise of John Donne concerning the times and seasons of God: "He," writes that most intriguing of divines, "can bring thy summer out of winter, though thou have no spring."

Gazing from a Maine hill-top across the waters of Penobscot Bay, we have seen a land and sea kind and clement enough for any saint, Saint Francis journeying on brown roads with his brothers, Saint Columba encircling the islands in his coracle of reeds. And of late we have been more clearly conscious of that curious, seemingly inconsistent mysticism in the New England character, yearning in the eyes of farmhouse women, wise and sure in the gaze of those who go down to the sea in ships. Yet those tales and legends which might nourish hungry and repressed imaginations, refresh the careworn, and add grace and truth to hard, unquiet lives, have remained, in larger part at least, the legacy of the Mother Church, that institution which old Cotton Mather in his Wonders of the Invisible World calls in stern uncompromise the devil's eldest son!

At times we become frankly personal over our grievance. Cynthia feels that she has been disastrously cheated in the matter of Saint Bride. Let even an inadequate flock of sheep, grazing in a rocky pasture or pensive beneath sunlit beeches, come within her view, and she discourses freely and rebelliously upon her loss. Had she but known in her childhood of that Celtic saint, she affirms, her driving of the family cow on misty mornings had been fraught with excitement and the familiar roadsides bathed in apocalyptical splendor. But not to have heard of her existence until the late twenties is a fact difficult to endure graciously. Always after her phillippic, Cynthia stands apart from me and looks at the sheep; and then I know that she is saying to herself certain lines of Fiona Macleod, dear to us both and to many others who knew his haunting measures in those days when literary endeavor was freer and less impaired than it is at present:

> To this day on Am Fheill Bridge shepherds are wont to hear in the mists the crying of innumerable young lambs and that without the bleating of the ewes, and by this token know that holy Saint Bride has passed that way, bringing with her the countless lambs soon to be born on all the hills and pastures of the world.

In contemplating my own deprivations I am torn between Saints Ursula and Teresa of Avila, those learned ladies of the sixth and sixteenth centuries, the one who would have been my joy at fourteen, the other who is today my special solace and delight. Both escaped me until a few short years ago, and, like Cynthia, I, too, am remonstrant. How appealing is Saint Ursula of Brittainy, the patron saint of school-girls and of those who strive to teach them! A quaint biographer describes her thus:

> She was not only wonderfully beautiful and gifted with all the external graces of her sex, but accomplished in all the learning of the time. Her mind was a perfect storehouse of wisdom and knowledge: she had read about the stars and the courses of the winds; all that had ever happened in the world from the days of Adam she had by heart; the poets and philosophers were to her what childish recreations are to others; but above all she was profoundly versed in theology and school divinity, so that the doctors were confounded by her argumentative powers.

With her fair and glorious company of 11,000 virgins she undertook a journey to the holy shrines throughout Europe, and was miraculously conducted over the rocks and snows of the Alps by six angels, "who went before them perpetually, clearing the road from all impediments, throwing bridges over mountain torrents, and even at night pitching tents for their shelter and refreshment."

And in what a comely manner did the 11,000 meet the martyrdom, which they had sought, at the hands of fierce barbarians "who rushed upon the virgins as a pack of gaunt and hungry wolves might fall on a flock of milk-white lambs"! What wonder that the mediaeval artist suffered anxiety in that it was impossible to devise any means by which the whole faithful company might be represented—in that there were several thousands to whom justice could not be done. It may be said, however, that the docile, unromantic piety on the faces of the ten at Bruges whom Hans Memling managed to depict within the shelter of Saint Ursula's robe, leaves anyone of imagination somewhat grateful for the limitations of art!

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Saint Teresa of Avila, that Spanish mystic of the sixteenth century, who preached and lived a life of harmony and order, has for some time past delighted Cynthia and me. Again we are regretful that at least a taste for sainthood was not given earlier to us, for then we should not have shied a bit at Lady Lovat's thick, blue book and set it aside for a season while we devoured shorter and less worthy tales of less compelling souls. How like the New England character was that of this Spanish saint with its strong practicality, its good sense, its natural shrewdness, its candor in the face of superiors! Saint Teresa insisted upon the most rigorous of discipline, had no sympathy with the vagueness and vagaries often mistaken for mystical states, and once dared to reprove God Himself for procrastination and indifference, whereupon He immediately responded with money for a new foundation of the order. Once while frying some fish she had a vision—but she did not leave the fish! What a subject she might have afforded for sympathetic presentation and discussion before one of those first club meetings of the women of Boston, organized by Mistress Anne Hutchinson, who herself claimed to possess "a peculiar indwelling of the Holy Ghost"!

For in spite of divergence in things temporal, things eternal differ only in interpretation whether they happen in a Carmelite convent or on Beacon Hill, where, it may be said in passing, a certain good Bostonian once dismissed his good cook because she timed her boiling eggs by Ave Marias and Pater Nosters instead of by the kitchen clock! Between the Remarkable Providences of Increase Mather and The Little Flowers of Saint Francis there is singularly little difference save in nomenclature; and doubtless God Who allowed Parson Avery to stand in deep waters as though his feet were upon dry ground was not far removed from the angel called Marvellous who once bore good Brother Bernard across a dark and terrible river. It must be admitted, however, that the cherubim, who in all the great books according to old Richard de Bury, expand their wings, flash their swords less ominously in the Little Flowers.

"What sweet contentments doth the soul enjoy by the senses?" asks William Drummond of Hawthornden in his Cypress Grove; and then answers himself by the affirmation that they are the "Gates and windows of its knowledge, the organs of its delight." The plaintive sound of Saint Francis Xavier's silver bell calling the children to their devotions along the white, sun-swept streets of Goa; the holy light that surrounded Saint Francis and Saint Clare as they ate together sitting on the bare ground, whereat the men and the women of Assisi wondered; the red roses of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary; the black and bitter cold which Saint Brendan endured for five years among the pillars of glittering ice; the sweet perfume as of innumerable gardens which drifted from the cell of the dying Saint Vincent when the angels visited him—the generous and gracious influences of such as these, like the "large and melodious thoughts" which descended upon Walt Whitman as he walked beneath the trees, might a quarter of a century ago have ministered unto Cynthia and me had the saints been accorded good standing along the coast of Maine.

But in our childhood there were few shifting and colorful rays in the hard, bright light of Puritan truth and little warmth in the means of grace afforded us. One was good because it was right, dutiful, and altogether desirable to be good, not because it was beautiful and harmonious; and the Greek ideal of a barely discernible separation between the ethical and the aesthetic would have been scorned among us, in spite of our classical heritage, as a "flighty" doctrine, one obviously contrary to the dictates of plain, common sense! The truth was the truth—to be determined after a simple and logical manner, then embraced, and afterward tenaciously held. Even children must not stray from it. "You can believe in fairies," an uncompromising elder once told Cynthia and me, "but you must know they are not true!"

Truth, justice, duty, righteousness—great and necessary names, indeed! But to many of us they are the "frail spells" of Shelley's Hymn:

> whose uttered charm might not avail to sever
> From all we hear and all we see
> Doubt, chance, and mutability.

Our stumbling feet demand easier and more tangible means of approach, for we, too, would see from afar the Shining City of God.

And what is truth? we ask with Pilate, not jestingly, as Sir Francis Bacon would have it, but with the bewilderment which, for aught we know, was in his voice. What is truth and where is it? Has the philosopher or the theologian found it for any save himself? Is it to be apprehended only by hypothesis and syllogism? Rather is it not to be apprehended by the individual when he is once conscious of a quick and creative life springing up within him to become henceforth the deepest thing in his nature?

If such is true, then truth must of necessity have various forms according to the character of this creative life. To some of us it is inevitable that the truth aesthetic will transcend the truth literal, that the truth poetic and artistic is more to be desired than the truth intrinsic. Had Cynthia, driving her cow along Maine roadsides in the dog-days of August, but known of Saint Bride and her countless lambs, there might earlier and with less difficulty have sprung up in her conscience-ridden little soul that quick and creative life; and had I earlier loved Saint Ursula, gathering about her the 11,000 spotless virgins in the enameled meadows of Brittainy, something might have happened even to my more stodgy nature. For although our Puritan forbears were right in condemning both tales as false when viewed, as they viewed them, in the light of truth intrinsic, their grace and beauty are a part of that Truth which must be God.

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THREE YEARS OF MUSSOLINI

II. THE ATTITUDE OF THE HOLY SEE

By L. J. S. WOOD

NO ONE of sense will maintain that in the elaboration of this system of the "making" of the Italian there have not been mistakes. Mussolini himself would be the last to do so. Never was there a man so prompt to recognize and act upon what is obviously right either when he sees it himself or when it is pointed out to him; which sound readiness is sometimes laid to his charge for inconsistency, or worse. No one of sense will maintain, then, that all Fascist legislation, all Fascist ideas, are perfect. The Pope himself has seen the necessity of saying things. It is perfection, of course, that the Pope must always ask for; that is laid on him by his office. But there is no one who recognizes human frailty more than he does, no one more ready to help the frail human, no one more capable of doing so, provided that there is good ground to believe that the frail human's intentions are good. Let us take a concrete and recent example.

Far and away the biggest thing in the new régime is the syndicate and corporation organization of every worker, whether his contribution be capital, brains, or manual toil, in and for state and nation. The Holy See studied this and saw at once that there were two defects in its principle. The Fascist conception of the "making" of the Italian was to bring home to him that his aim in "work," the employment of his capital, brains or manual toil, should not be just his personal advantage—to which, in many prevalent conceptions, had come to be added the disadvantage of his neighbor—but should be the prosperity of his country also. Exaggeration in expression led to a conception of "The state the supreme end, the individual only a means," a doctrine dangerous and contrary to Catholic teaching. The second point was that, in fact, the regulations, in their enforcement of one and only one authorized collective syndicate, went contrary to Pope Leo's teaching of the freedom of the individual worker to organize in his syndicate at his will. Now comes in the charity and wisdom of the Holy See. It desired perfection: it at once pointed out these defects. Then it helped the frail human: its authorized representatives asked for explanations on certain points, and in the end it said: "The legislation is not perfect, but, inasmuch as it is on so many points, first and above all in the establishment of the principle of class coöperation to replace class warfare, in line with Catholic teaching, and as it gives the opening for existing Catholic syndicates to coöperate, and in coöperation to infiltrate their principles to the betterment of all, they are instructed to do so."

Surely, then, we need not to be more critical than is the Holy See. We should not allow ourselves to be led by antipathy to anything that does not seem "democratic" (incidentally, there was never anything less like decent democracy than the conditions existing before Fascism arrived, and, indeed, Fascism holds that in the end it will be seen to have established a far better democracy than has yet existed in Italy) to help to weaken the present régime by opposition, often without any knowledge of conditions on the spot; it is a régime which certainly has pulled Italy up out of something approaching chaos, and has, above all, put religion, in principle and in a hundred ways in fact, back in the position in which it ought to be, and from which it had been expelled for generations.

The present writer—with no more authority than comes from a modicum of common sense exercised in observation, a study of conditions here for nearly eighteen years and a habit of taking the Holy See for guide, with due recognition of its exacting practice of always asking for perfection—offers one or two simple suggestions founded on facts as they appear to him. He is led to take that liberty by the inconceivable inaccuracy of much that he has read in foreign publications, some of it pro, most of it contra, Mussolini and the new order of things.

The first thing is that this new order is not a fixed thing, either in idea or application; it is still in process of development. If we add to that the characteristic noted above in Mussolini, common sense and readiness to recognize and act upon what is obviously right, whether he sees it himself or it is pointed out to him, hope for the future lies rather in quiet criticism, with illumination and explanation added, than in accusatory denunciation alone. The action of ecclesiastical authority is a sound guide on this. From the very beginning the attitude of the Holy See has been consecutive and clear. There has been straight denunciation of such things as were obviously bad, beginning with violence in principle, and of all instances of the use of violence in fact. There has been corrective criticism when it has been needed, when there has been evidence of unsound views or policies or when reprehensible action has been seen. But full appreciation of all good intention, full encouragement of good work done, has never failed.

When, for instance, Fascism undertook the revision of ecclesiastical legislation, the good intention was evident and the Holy See allowed that three ecclesiastics should sit alongside the Commission to give expert explanation on ecclesiastical points on which the Commission might realize that its own lay competence might not be complete. When that unfortunate word

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"collaboration" accidentally appeared, the Holy See was bound to come out promptly and authoritatively to show that, under circumstances existing since 1870, in two words, since the origin of the "Roman question," there could be no question of collaboration. The warning, with the consequent suspension of the work of the Commission, was taken hard by those of less instruction or of less good will on the other side, but was necessary and was seen to be necessary and regretfully accepted by those in authority. The Pope, again, in the Consistorial Allocution at the end of the Holy Year, paid generous tribute to the civil government for all that it had done for the Holy Year's success, but, to prevent misunderstanding, added a straight word about the continuance of those same conditions. Innumerable instances might be quoted of the demand for perfection, tempered with charity and, when possible, with encouragement and help.

The next thing is to ask those not on the spot to beware of being led away by words—terribly misleading, sometimes dangerous things. Learned Anglicans went over to Malines not long ago and propounded their theology to learned Catholics. It was not until some time afterward that it was brought home to the Catholics that the words they were using in common meant one thing, the regularly understood thing, in Catholic theology, but an entirely different thing in the mentality of the Anglican, and that they had been led astray. Many a word spoken here by Mussolini in urging the Italian to think of himself as Italy, repeated with exaggeration by others, is not taken too literally by such as know Italy and Italians. Italy, for instance, is the one country which depends absolutely and completely on the Mediterranean. You have only to look at the map to realize that. If someone shuts up Gibraltar and Suez, there is an end of Italy. That is what an Italian means when he talks of "Mare Nostrum," not that Italy claims hegemony in that sea. It would not be surprising to hear an Italian speak in the same breath of the Church as Italian and international, but anyone who knows him knows that he does not mean the non-Catholic thing which a too literal interpretation would imply.

The third point is a very earnest plea that such as have not personal and intimate knowledge of conditions here do not allow themselves to be led away by preconceptions, either their own or those of others. It is not difficult to pick out and record matter, word and act, to prove that Fascism is an heroic thing, a perfect expression of national, even international, life; or, on the other hand, that it is nothing else than violence and tyranny, the entire negation of democracy, contrary to all the laws of God and man. It is neither the one nor the other. Nor is it a philosophy. It is a remarkable, and honest, experiment of a method of government, a mode of life. It arose to remedy conditions, special conditions in Italy, universally acknowledged to be bad. Those conditions made it drastic and gave rise to the—to use a temperate expression—"extravagances" which have been seen. Those conditions, again, and the "extravagance" of the opposition to it, both of these things reacting on its temper—but in degrees varying between the sanity of its centre and the lack of moderation of its periphery—have brought about a rigidity which there is good reason to hope that time will succeed in modifying.

THE MEXICAN AGRARIAN QUESTION

By THOMAS ROBINSON DAWLEY, JR.

IN HIS address at Poli's Theatre, New Haven, on March 19, before a gathering said to number 5,000 persons, Senator Borah of Idaho made a plea for tolerance on the part of Americans in dealing with Mexico, in which he said:

"God has made us neighbors, let justice make us friends. The first step toward justice is to stop making false and unfair statements about Mexico."

After he had made this demand for truth and justice, he was interrupted by a voice from the gallery requesting to know if he had not violated the Logan Act by communicating with Calles. According to a special despatch to the New York Times, he shouted back:

"As Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee I have a right to get my information from any source I wish. This I propose to do, and I know of no power that can stop me. We have not yet got Mussolini in the United States."

"Do you recall the Mason-Slidell case?" he then called out to his questioner. "When these two Confederate representatives were on their way to England they were taken off the steamer Trent and made prisoners by the United States. Daniel Webster, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, said that the act was illegal a month before the government in Washington admitted it. Not only that, but as chairman of the committee he corresponded with the British government in London about the case."

If the man in the gallery had been a quick thinker he might have replied to the Senator that Daniel Webster had been dead and buried nine years before the Mason-Slidell case was heard of. He might also have replied to the statement "We have not yet got Mussolini in the United States," that they had one in Mexico a great deal worse, for Mussolini evidently has the support of a majority of his people while the Senator's good friend Calles, the dictator of Mexico, does not have 2 percent of the Mexican people behind him. But for the support given him by his military cohorts,

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who are furnished about everything they want, his government would not last, as one American has put it, "longer than a dollar bill in a New York night club."

To the question asked of the Senator whether or not he was in favor of recognizing Russia, he replied:

"If I had my way, I would recognize Russia tomorrow. The 140,000,000 people of Russia are a home-loving people. If we refuse to recognize them, they will still be there—suffering. We can't crowd them off the face of the earth."

It seems to me that the Senator's dependability regarding Russia is on a par with that concerning Mexico and Daniel Webster's connection with an important episode in our history which every student should know. No one wants to crowd the Russian people off the face of the earth, as was shown by our going to their relief when millions of them were perishing of hunger because of the foolish experiment put over on them by a handful of intellectuals.

Senator Borah, however, throughout his New Haven address confused the two words "communism" and "Bolshevism," which actually have fundamentally different meanings. He said, "No country on this western continent has been more outspoken against communism than Mexico," evidently in this instance substituting "communism" for "Bolshevism"; forgetting wholly that the red flag, the symbol of both communism and Bolshevism, was flown over the National Palace of Mexico; and that the Governor of the once rich and prosperous state of Yucatan was an out and out Bolshevist, with the red flag also flying over the government buildings, until the people, rising in their might with the De la Huerta revolution, put him out of business.

A further example of the Senator's unreliability in dealing with foreign affairs was found in his statement that the Mexican revolution of 1910, at the close of the Diaz administration, was agrarian. It was nothing of the kind. It was promoted by a member of a very wealthy land-holding family of Semitic origin, whose acres ran into the tens of thousands, and whose shibboleth for the overthrow of the long régime of Porfirio Diaz was "No Reëlection." In order to place himself at the head of the government and carry out whatever theories he may have had, Francisco I. Madero promised the masses anything and everything.

The fact that large tracts of land were held under single ownership was seized upon for the purpose of propaganda. The hope that these large estates were to be divided up among the landless was something like the idea expressed by the emancipated Negro of the South that he was to receive thirty acres, a mule and a plow. Francisco I. Madero, on attaining his goal, did not, nor did any member of his numerous family, show any inclination to divide their numerous acres with the landless. Nor did Carranza, who was the figurehead in the war that followed against Victoriano Huerta, and whose acres also numbered tens of thousands, show any such inclination. And of all the corrupt régimes, his was perhaps the most corrupt. Nothing was sacred: church, hospital, convent, orphan asylum, school or college, all were despoiled alike.

As to the land question, of which Senator Borah appears to have some information when he says that, at the close of the Diaz administration, "there were 834 single holdings ranging in size from 22,000 to 6,000,000 acres, while there were 12,000,000 propertyless and landless people, forced day by day into cruel and unending economic bondage," he does not by any means tell the whole of the story.

Granting the accuracy of the figures for the present, some of the holdings referred to (Carranza's, for instance) were old Spanish grants handed down through colonial times, and others, for the most part in the sparsely settled lower coastal regions. Those granted during the Diaz régime were, in some instances, tracts of interminable and uninhabited forests, certain of which I have traversed myself during a journey of four or five days without seeing a human inhabitant. Others were great desert regions, such as that of the Bolsa de Mampi, a treeless, waterless expanse of burning sand over which not even a buzzard dared wing its flight. Some of these grants were ceded by purchase and some by what is known as concessions, with specific stipulations for the development or exploitation of their latent resources—rubber growing, mahogany cutting and the gathering of chicle gum. None of the grants or concessions was made outright. Good American money was poured into them for their purchase and exploitation; nothing was obtained for nothing.

The extensive Terraza holdings, consisting of hundreds of thousands of acres, were, during the rise of the bandit Villa, cited as an example of the immense possessions of a single individual, such as Senator Borah now refers to as placing "at the other end of the ladder 12,000,000 propertyless and landless people, forced day by day into cruel and unending economic bondage." But instead of this being so, the Terraza holdings were a part of the great Chihuahua mesquite-covered desert and the treeless, waterless Bolsa, which by the extraordinary initiative, enterprise and energy of a Mexican of the better class, with the investment of capital in irrigation projects and in agricultural machinery, had been turned into green fields and blooming gardens in parts, giving employment and sustenance to hundreds of persons.

There were wrongful seizures of land from the rightful owners, but the revolutionists never touched upon these sore spots. These were lands in the densely populated regions, along river valleys and other fertile sections where the early missionaries had gathered the natives in, established their missions, taught them municipal government, and had the land set aside for their exclusive use by the crown. The system was an adaptation of the aboriginal method of land ownership in use by the sedentary Indians long before the coming of the Spaniards. The title was not vested in the name of any one individual, but in the name of the

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community as a whole. Each member of the community, however, had a right to the use of a portion of the land for himself and family. He could sell whatever he obtained from it, or dispose of it as he saw fit, but having no title to the land itself he could not dispose of that. Thus he was protected from the unscrupulous land-grabber and speculator.

For his further protection the sale of liquor was prohibited in the village or community; nor was Spaniard or other foreigner permitted to take up residence within the bounds of the ejidos, as the communal lands were called, unless it was to render professional service such as was required by the Church, by teaching or welfare work.

With the advent of independence from the mother country, these barriers protecting the natives from exploitation were broken down, and the unscrupulous invasion of the ejidos began. In some localities the half-breed white man opened a grog-shop in the village with a demijohn of rum, and by this method demoralized the community and got possession of whatever he could lay his hands on. Villages have come under my personal observation that have been totally ruined by this process. The opposition to it by the clergy was one of the original causes for the present conflict with the Church. From the speculator's point of view, they interfered with business.

There were communities, however, where the municipal authorities were sufficiently strong of character and sufficiently far-seeing to keep the rum traffic out by refusing to find an available site for the nefarious business. And then came the most outrageous proceedings ever devised by government in order that those who stood in with the authorities might get possession of the rich and productive bottom lands which had furnished homes and support for an industrious laboring class for generations. Laws were enacted by the Mexican Congress to this end. One was that which required each individual householder of the community to have a clear title to the piece of land on which he made his home and cultivated. Another was a law by which claim could be made to the land as baldia, land without ownership, and at the end of a specified time, if no one appeared to contest the claim, a clear title would be given to the claimant.

In one village I succeeded in gaining the confidence of the mayor. Unlocking a strong box in a corner of the town hall, he took out the deed of the original grant to the community. It contained an excellent survey map with all landmarks, and several pages of text on the margin of which was penciled, "no record." In explanation of this, the mayor said that the deed had been returned from the land office with the notation, after it had been presented to prove that the community had a clear title to the land.

Some of those who profited most by this iniquitous action on the part of an immoral government, were Obregon, the "No Reëlection" President, who succeeded the "Constitutionalist" Carranza and his band of looters; Calles, who succeeded him; and Elias, the brother of Calles, now consul-general in New York, who has been doing such effective propaganda work—all friends of Senator Borah whose cause he faithfully champions. In his New Haven speech, the Senator said that he had examined the laws of more than one country where the attempt has been made to break up large estates, and that in none of these countries do the laws more thoroughly respect the vested rights of foreigners—and he might have added natives, for the statement is as loose as the one connecting Daniel Webster with the Mason-Slidell case.

The story of the ejection of the rightful owners from the fertile valleys of the Yaqui and Mayo Rivers, and their reduction to obligatory servitude, is a pitiful one. Told that the lands which they had tilled for generations were no longer theirs, and that they must work for others for a mere pittance or get off, they resisted. Soldiers were then used to enforce the edicts of the usurpers. The hitherto peaceable people were declared to be in rebellion; they were driven into the mountains, hunted down like wild beasts, and those who surrendered, if not shot immediately, were herded with others who had made no resistance whatever, and sold into slavery in the forests of Quintano Roo, or on the plantations of Yucatan. And in this nefarious practice, Obregon, Calles and Company were particeps criminis.

Calles now proudly proclaims his purpose to restore the ejidos, which, according to his manner of telling it, sounds wonderfully fine. But where is he restoring the ejidos? Is he bringing back the slaves of the chicle forests and hemp plantations, and the people who are still being pursued by his soldiers in the mountains of his native state? And restoring to them the lands which were cultivated by their forbears for centuries? Not a bit of it. He is grabbing, or attempting to grab, the land which has been acquired by legitimate purchase, and allotting it to that class of worthless Mexican known as the pelado.

Mexico presents a complex of the Oriental mind. It is the meeting of the Oriental with the Oriental, the East meeting the East from the West. The Indian undoubtedly is of Asiatic origin. He will never tell you his true thoughts unless you have the happy faculty of breaking down the barriers of suspicion which encompass his mind. Question him and he will try to ascertain what you are thinking before giving you an answer, and, on obtaining your thoughts, will return them to you as his own. Madero, who headed the revolution against Diaz and the thirty years of peace and prosperity, was of Semitic origin, and in order to make his revolution a success he promised everything, as I have already stated. Calles is of Oriental origin, a Syrian from the plains of Lebanon. Like the Indian, he tells you what he wants you to know; not what is in his own mind, but what he thinks will please the listener and give him a following. It is the mind of the Bolshevist, and in this sense Mexico is Bolshevist.

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CLAUDEL TO RIVIÈRE

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

WE ARE a generation which has walked across the earth and through much of time. It was not until we approached manhood that the whole cargo of the renaissance had been unloaded and surveyed. Treasures over which our fathers, during one or two centuries, had gloated in prophetic dreams and magnified out of all proportion to reality, suddenly looked meagre, therefore, and shocked us like imitation pearls which had been mistaken for precious gems. Were these baubles, unsatisfying and innately useless, the proofs we had been asked to accept so that our faith in the developing majesty of man, in the ultimate utility of our own pain, might make us free? The fat dead geniuses in the Paris Pantheon had been intoxicated by them; to us they could bring only an infinite nausea. That drink which makes the spirit taut for adventure—"wind-beaten but ascending," as Meredith says—we could not find. And so, wherever we were young amid the ruins of civilization, a cry was heard: "Be brutal if you will, fling me to the ground, insult me, but give me my answer!"

This imperious mandate all but begins the first of many letters which Jacques Rivière sent to Paul Claudel, and which have now been collected and translated.* It is the correspondence of a young French university man to the poet in whose work he had seen the flare of singularly firm conviction—a flare rising from a source deeper than easy theories and emancipations, and fed by unique experience. Claudel was at that time in China, devoting such morsels of time as were left from a busy life to the writing of poetry which always struggled to express a vision of "living with God in the world." From Tête-d'Or onward, resolute orthodoxy had revealed itself through him as the spring of verve and originality. His mind and discipline were thus directly opposite to those of Rivière. As yet this gifted youngster had not displayed the gifts of subtle analysis and complex experience which would later make him so able a director of that intellectual kaleidoscope, La Nouvelle Revue Française.

Surely, however, he was all the more representative for being still in the bud. Like so many of his companions in the peculiar modern age, he had separated from Christian practice for the sake of an interior debauch. Those sensual sources of chaos which the older romantic rebels had habitually turned to were simply not interesting to the modern revolutionary. In this respect Rivière is absolutely typical of a psychical habit that characterizes violently uproarious atheists like Trotski as it does scores of tidy New Yorkers whose bachelor apartments are the scenes of frenzied revels in bizarre, contradictory, abstract ideas. After all, Maurice Barrès and Marcel Proust photographed rather than initiated the intellectual habits of their time. As for Jacques Rivière, he frankly displayed all the major symptoms. "I see nothing anywhere save nullity and absence of meaning. . . . My sole excuse is that pessimism is the sincerest part of me, that it was born with me, that it is so attached to my soul by now that I never dream of parading it, that I never speak of it to anyone but you. But—and this I implore you to believe—never, never has the thought entered my head that there is a reason for what goes on, any order in the world or any happiness possible for mankind." Again, "I do not accord any demonstrative value to philosophy. The more I know of it, the more I see that it is only a game. Logic has never meant anything to me." And again, "I will wager to take any idea whatsoever and merely by taking advantage of its essential plasticity, to construct any system you please, or even two mutually contradictory systems, out of it." And still again, "How would you have me ask a cure from faith when my sickness is precisely the impossibility of having any faith in the world's reality?" Nevertheless, "Oh, this God, this God! I long so to feel Him present, here, close to me, solid and unmistakable, to be done with seeking Him, to put an end once and for all to this dreaming of happiness."

That, stated with unusual forcefulness and psychological insight, is Rivière's and the whole modern problem. A morbid zest for the "labyrinthine ways" of one's own mind; an interest in philosophy which, however, is taken no more seriously than a circle of breezy club-women take telling futures with cards; a discriminating enjoyment of the pleasures of pessimism, intensified by the mellow light on country scenes at evening and by such things as Wagner's poisoned Tristan. All these have rarely been defined with so much precision and veracity as in this book. For it is unfortunately true that not many men listen so sharply to the inevitable knocking of God. From this point of view the carefully preserved and now relatively pathetic Rivière letters are, I think, precious aids toward an understanding of the time.

How did Paul Claudel deal with the problem? In all apologetics there are, perhaps, three important acts which remain distinct even though they are always correlated. The first is direction, which is like pointing out the right road to a hesitant traveler; the second is argument, in which recourse is had to philosophy and history quite in the same way as one might answer a voyager's questions as to whether a route indicated were the most practicable and had been safely trav-

**Letters to a Doubter, by Paul Claudel; translated by Henry Longan Stuart. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.*

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ersed in the past; the third is practical counsel, in which respect the method is like instructing an arctic explorer to make certain necessary provisions.

It is interesting beyond measure to see how Claudel, who knew from experience much of his young correspondent's difficulty, set about his task. "Every conversion, Pascal tells us, is a sentence of doom. There are many things which appear to you infinitely sweet, terribly desirable, which you will have to renounce. . . . But be brave! It must be done. Youth is not formed for pleasure, but for heroism. Remember: 'I have conquered the world.'" This initial programmatic declaration guides Claudel's hand throughout the correspondence, as indeed it seems to have regulated all of his literary conduct. To the secret, tragic delights of inchoate epicureanism he opposes the virility of the "light" which is "never refused to him who seeks it with a sincere heart." One may note in passing that this primal decision of Claudel's, stirring as martial ardor and rugged as masculine will, has been made by numberless Christian young men in our time. The resolve to do battle with doubt in one's own breast, with the multitudinous scepticisms and hesitancies of modernity—this has rallied us in the service of the most illustrious declaration ever to have been heralded to mankind. He who has not responded to it, who has not at least felt it close beside his heart like some swift presage of immaculate glory, does not know of what stuff the inheritors of Christendom are made in our day.

Jacques Rivière felt it, indeed, but he did not wish to capitulate. Therefore the series of philosophical speculations, remarkably keen but confessedly futile, with which he began to attack Claudel. The essence of the poet's response, however, is not the classical Thomistic and patristic doctrine with which he displays a remarkable familiarity, but his faith. "I am not an emancipated spirit; I am a simple and serious man: as an artist I despise virtuosity and fail to understand facetiousness. Art is but a pale counterfeit of sanctity. The vegetation its tepid rays bring to life has no roots and is as ephemeral as that of the gardens of Adonis. . . . For me—I believe in a good God and a profitable life, wherein it matters a great deal which road a man takes." Here we are back again at the road, the route of conversion. Rivière will not go down it, advancing any number of shrewd reasons; Claudel is all for action, bombarding his friend's logical niceties with an almost peasant-like common sense and urging the practical aids of prayer and sacramental practice with the directness of an ancient hermit. This apologetic is tripartite, therefore. It is also homely as a proverb, though bright with the same luminous poetic insight which transfigures plays like Tête-d'Or and the magnificent odes. "Quantum potes, tantum aude," he quotes upon one occasion, adding, "This is the great device of Christian art and civilization. It is this which once made Europe something more than a stupid empire of the average."

When at last the news came that Jacques Rivière had gone to the Table of the Lord, the poet knew a moment of perfect happiness. "What you have done is so fine a thing!" he wrote on the morning of January 5, 1914. Much was to descend, however, upon the shoulders of the young disciple, as Mme. Rivière has narrated. But though his life was perforce vagrant spiritually, his feet had been set bravely on the right path and the great deed of decision had been done. He preserved always that remarkable ability to comprehend Claudel which is one of the most attractive aspects of the correspondence in question here. The two men discussed poetic art on many an informal and intimate page, so that one does not know where there is more authentic information about Claudel's work than here, unless it be in Rivière's critical essays. "I am not a man who thinks consecutively and piecemeal," says the poet in one place. "Each thought is a complete entity—is never developed without the consonance or dissonance of other thought-entities making itself apparent. . . . Everything takes its start from a sort of interior rumbling, amid which, more or less defined, certain detached gleams begin to appear, the poem being still submerged."

Over and beyond problems of aesthetics, Claudel sought vigorously (as indeed he had with Francis Jammes, whose account of the process is delightful) to enlist his young friend in a service of the highest intellectual importance. "I make bold to tell you," he declares, "that your place is with Patmore, Péguy, Chesterton, and, if I dare say so, with myself, writers all of us whose task it is to restore a Catholic imagination and sensibility which have been withered and parched for four centuries, thanks to the triumph of a purely lay literature whose ultimate corruption we are witnessing today." Well, in the record of that service these rescued and lovingly edited letters, now available to English readers in a careful and spirited translation, have their noble place as a singularly representative testimonial to the sources from which Catholic "imagination and sensibility" derive in this epoch, and to the bitter need there is for them.

Memorial Day

(The Surgeon of Soissons)

Who can forget his voice, his glance, his smile?
Fresh from the heart they sprang, as warm and free
As if some sunbeam, prisoned there awhile,
Had broken loose from its captivity.

We shall not ever meet his like again,
That subtle blend of sympathy and strength,
Moving so deftly through the aisles of pain
Where sorrow spread her pall in solemn length.

But yet withal he was not pledged to gloom,
From some great well of joy he drank so deep,
That we, within the shadow of his tomb,
Smile back at him, still smiling in his sleep.

WILLIAM B. GILBERT.

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ADELAIDE PROCTER'S GRAVE

By RICHARD LINN EDSALL

THE recent redecoration of Adelaide Procter's grave in Saint Mary's Cemetery, Kensal Green, London, reminds one that it is high time for a renovation of her entombed fame. For a long time after people stopped reading her poetry, she lived on in their renditions of The Lost Chord, but in recent years that lyric has met a well-earned death. Now, when she is no longer associated with one of the most maudlin of Victorian songs, the ground is clear to acquaint the world with her best poetry.

So little known is she today that it is necessary to recall the meagre set of facts we can learn about her life, most of which are preserved in Charles Dickens's introduction to her collected verse. Her father was also a poet, forgotten today save for one rapturous poem, The Sea. His name was Bryan Waller Procter, but he is known by his pseudonym, Barry Cornwall. Though he was an ardent disciple of Leigh Hunt, his verse is full of moralizing and glorification of respectability; however, it must in fairness be added that it is also marked by more verve and dash than had been common in lyrics since the age of Elizabeth.

Adelaide Anne Procter was born in 1825. She soon became proficient in French, Italian, German, music, geometry and drawing, an exceedingly broad education for a girl of those days. In 1843 she contributed some verses to the Book of Beauty, and ten years later, under the non de plume of Mary Berwick, started sending poems to Dickens, who was then editor of Household Words. He was much taken with her poetry, and continued publishing it for a year and a half before he discovered the identity of his contributor, or the reason for her disguise—the fact, namely, that Dickens and her father were friends, and she wished her poems to be judged solely on their own merits. She collected her work in 1858, in the two volumes of Legends and Lyrics, and in 1862 published A Chaplet of Verses, for the benefit of the Providence Row Catholic night refuge that was conducted for homeless women and children.

This connection with a Catholic institution naturally leads one to think of her religion. Nothing is known of it previous to 1851, save that she was a High Anglican, presumably a convert to that faith. In 1851 she followed Cardinal Manning and many others into the Catholic Church, after the Gorham case proved that contradictory teachings were given equal authority in the Established Church, and that its doctrine was to be interpreted by the secular courts. It is interesting to note that two of her sisters also became Catholics. Two years after coming into the Church, she visited a Catholic aunt near Turin, and gave herself over to an intensive study of the Piedmontese. Thereafter she lived in London, writing poems and mingling considerably in society. Her chief occupation, however, was caring for the sick, the poor, the homeless, the degraded. She was one of the distinguished persons who formed the committee of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, and she both edited and contributed to their anthology, Victoria Regia. Worn out with overmuch work for the needy, she died in her thirty-eighth year, on the Feast of the Purification, 1864.

There are two facts in her life which give her poetry more perennial vitality than the work of most Victorian poetesses: the experience that lay behind her moralizing and saved it from cant; and her religion, which was not one of the vague sentimentalities that were enjoying popularity at the time, but Catholicism, which is forever green.

It is true that the vast majority of her poems are unreadable today, for the simple reason that they express ideas and emotions long consigned to the limbo of stuffed sofas. She is preoccupied with deserted brides and fiancées, with dying children, with father and child weeping by the mother's grave, with souls floating gently up to heaven, with angels fluttering all about, with dim cathedrals, with whispering trees, with misty scenes, with wedded hearts in parted bodies—all the paraphernalia of popular Victorian romance.

She often unjustly said: "I only write verses—I do not write poetry." She did write poetry, but it is perhaps more closely akin to Longfellow's than to anyone else's. She shares his passion for sugary legends and for trumpet-calls to serving mankind and seeing the rosy side of life; she also shares his genuine ability in creating splendid poems on subjects of lasting interest. Few nowadays remember that Longfellow wrote not only The Psalm of Life, and Evangeline, but the magnificent sonnet on The Sea, and the still finer sonnet-series on Dante and the Divina Commedia.

Strange though it be in a poet so nearly related to Longfellow, her best secular poems are written in elaborate stanza-forms of her own, with a rush and flow and airiness reminiscent of Shelley. Such are A Doubting Heart; Linger, O Gentle Time; Changes; A Lament for the Summer; The Triumph of Time (whose very title is taken from Shelley); and A Remembrance of Autumn. This list contains a goodly portion of her best non-religious poems, and among them there is really only one theme, in varying forms—sorrow over the impermanence of earthly satisfactions and the defeat of earthly hopes. Two other poems on this theme, A Crown of Sorrow, and Grief, are suggestive of Blake, a poet one would be even less likely to think of than Shelley, in connection with Adelaide Procter. And she does not imitate either: I mention the likeness only to show that she is cousin germane to other and truer poets than Longfellow.

Besides her lyrics, there are two good "legends" or narrative poems, A Legend of Provence, whose story has become universally known since the production of The Miracle; and, a still better poem, A Tomb in Ghent. Finally, there is her religious poetry, some of which is scattered through Legends and Lyrics, but most of which is contained in A Chaplet of Verses. Here she flowers out to the fulness of her talent and power, in poems of intense devotion, especially to Our Blessed Lady and the Sacred Heart, and above all in prayers full of passion, with steady refrains resembling litanies—in The Storm, The Pilgrims, Kyrie Eleison, and Our Daily Bread. The last three, together with The Angel of Death, and Evening Hymn, are in my opinion the crown of her poetry, for in them one finds a strength, a simplicity, a ring of finality rare in religious poetry, and rarer still in the verses of a Victorian spinster.

Here are stones fitted to build a nobler monument to Adelaide Procter than the grave recently restored. The stones are buried under a heap of rubbish, but will reward amply anyone who will dig for them—still more amply, anyone who will separate them from the trash. And, in them, present Adelaide Procter to the world once again, as the author of poems which the last sixty years have not been able to tarnish.

The Commonweal would greatly appreciate the receipt of copies of Number 13, Volume V, from any of its readers who may possess extra copies of this number.

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THE PLAY AND THE SCREEN

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Pulitzer Prize Play

SEVERAL months ago, it was my good fortune to read a small volume of one-act plays, gathered together under the title of Lonesome Road. As theatrical openings were infrequent at the moment, I included a review of the plays in these columns. They were by Paul Green, an instructor in philosophy at one of our southern universities. This same Paul Green has just won this year's Pulitzer Prize for a full-length version of In Abraham's Bosom, a play which actually comprises two of the one-act plays in Lonesome Road with some additional scenes, giving it in its lengthened form the character of a dramatic biography.

There seems little doubt that Paul Green is destined to become one of our most important playwrights—not because of any amazing technical skill, but because of his sensitive power of observation and a depth of intense feeling which he is able to translate into the limited terms of the theatre. The special field of his observation has been that "vast and fertile coastal plain" of North Carolina, "which stretches inland from the sea to a maximum distance of 125 miles."

The particular core of tragedy in the prize play is the struggle of a Negro with a white father—a Negro whose mind soars like a prophet, with all the intellectual ambition of the white, but whose emotional life is that of his race, a desperate inner conflict which sooner or later must find its counterpart in his outer life. His own race despises him for his love of learning, for all his efforts to raise them above ignorance and superstition. And among the whites, he is equally an exile, suspected, mistrusted and secretly feared.

It is the total lack of partisan thesis that gives Mr. Green's writing its amazing integrity and power. He is describing, not pleading. He knows his Negro too well to sentimentalize him. It is not the white man who defeats Abraham McCranie, but the children of his own race. Where the ultimate blame lies, that blame which accumulates through centuries, Paul Green does not attempt to say. He is more concerned with the tragedy of present facts than with the abstractions of history. He is still more concerned with the intimate facts that have to do with a particular Abraham McCranie. "Abe is bad mixed up all down inside," says one Negro. "White and black make bad mixtry," answers another. "Nigger down heah," says the first, thumping on his chest, and then, thumping his head, "white mens up heah. Heart say do one thing, head say 'nudder. Bad, bad." And then a third Negro adds, "De white blood in him coming to de top. Dat make him wanta climb up and be sump'n. Nigger gwine hol' him down, dough. Part of him lak de Colonel, part lak his muh, 'vision and misery inside."

In these few words you have the exposition of the whole tragedy, of a story that sweeps through years of struggle, of hope, of defeat, until, driven almost insane by a beating of masked white men, Abraham meets his white half-brother on a lonely road, quivers under his insults and blows, and at last strikes out blindly with murder in his heart. With his brother's blood on his hands, he comes to his hovel to urge his wife to flee, for he knows his own doom is sealed. Yet even here the majesty of him shines forth. "Blast me, Lawd, in yo' thunder and lightning," he cries out, "burn me in yo' fiery furnace if it is yo' will! Ketch me away in de whirlwind, foh I'm a sinner. Yo' will, yo' will, not mine. . . . I've tried, I've tried to walk de path, but I'm po' and sinful. Give me peace, rest—rest if it is thy will. Save me, Jesus, save me!"

It is after this prayer that he goes to his cabin door, to be met by the rattle of rifles that carries him to the bosom of eternal mercy. Few plays of recent times have stripped the tortured soul of a man so bare, few have shown the same exaltation of humble heroism. It has been given to Paul Green to show how the highest and the lowest can be implanted in a single human heart and from this tragic inner misery how the last drops of pitiful anguish can be wrung.

Once more, it is to the historic little Provincetown Playhouse that we owe the New York production of this play; the same uncomfortable little theatre which brought Eugene O'Neill to eminence and has, countless times, shown a courage and perception far surpassing the commercial hierarchs of Broadway. Frank Wilson is the Negro actor who makes Abraham McCranie one of the outstanding and unforgettable figures of American drama. His performance is marked by an utter simplicity amounting to consummate artistry. The part of Abraham's wife, Goldie, is taken by Rose McClendon, who, if I am not mistaken, is the same Negro actress who brought distinction suddenly to life in the last act of Deep River as the matron of the octoroons. At all events, her present performance matches that of Wilson—simple, commanding and full of a fine integrity. The other parts are more than competently taken, and the direction of Jasper Deeter has given to the entire drama a throbbing ascension of power. Green himself never minces words, but if the brutal frankness of some passages gives undue offense to anyone, this much may be said, that realism of speech has never been used with less theatrical intention nor with greater sincerity of purpose.

Julie

HERE is a case where, most humbly, I must act as collaborator with the author of the play. The said author, Professor Corning White, intended Julie to be a comedy or tragedy or drama of some French Canadians somewhere in northern New Hampshire. But by the end of the second act, I had an insatiable desire to turn it into a mystery play—at least for the readers of this paper. In brief, and for the first time in my recollection, I picked up my hat and coat and left the theatre without waiting for the third-act solution!

Collaborators are said to receive huge sums. But in this case, my services being unsolicited, I neither seek nor expect riches. All I know is that a certain little French girl had a wicked hard-drinking mamma, who tried to sell her to a bootlegging Canadian named Pierre at the very moment she was being sought in honorable marriage by Lee Stone. The price wavered between twenty and twenty-four bottles of "good stuff," and remained at twenty-four when last heard from. One also discovered that Julie was supposed to have had a baby, but that in reality the heroic little thing (the "me, Julie, good girl" type!) was only pretending to be the mother to shield a hypocritical young New Hampshire girl and, incidentally, to help mamma's revenue.

The mystery which must envelop the third act may do some injustice to the actors who struggled bravely, among them

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Alison Skipworth as the mamma, and Betty Pierce, whose face and voice seem to recall the "me, Tondelaya" scenes of White Cargo. If it is the same girl, she must be heartily tired of dialect by this time. One always feels sorry for good actors in a poor play. In this case the play was probably not so bad as its painfully slow direction. If you really want to know what happened to Julie, you must hurry to the theatre, because I don't imagine it will be there many days more. The real mystery is how it got there in the first place.

Chang

SOMETIMES the screen justifies itself so startlingly as to wipe out all memory of Hollywood atrocities. In the case of Chang, those motion-picture pioneers, Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack, have built what they call a natural melodrama by going to the jungles of Siam and centering a drama of intense power around the struggle of man against nature. For actors, they have taken untrained natives and the beasts of the jungle. The result is a contribution of immense importance to motion-picture history, and a demonstration that the worst damage to the screen has been done by attempting to limit it to the confines of legitimate drama, instead of using it primarily to do what the stage cannot possibly do.

Of course, the traditional story in motion-picture form has its definite utility for the vast number of towns possessing no legitimate theatre, and for the still larger number of people who cannot afford admission to the modern high-priced theatre. I do not mean in any way to belittle this service of the screen. But the large-scale productions have been all too few in which the central thought was to find the greatest use for an extremely flexible medium by bringing to all classes of people scenes, spectacles, emotions and illusions of which the stage is incapable. The reconstruction of history is one special field for the screen, and such films as Ben Hur or The Big Parade show eloquently what can be done when producers set their minds to it. Again, in the field of fancy, the screen can create illimitable illusions, as witness The Thief of Bagdad with its flying carpet. All of folklore and legend is awaiting the magic which the screen can impart. But in Chang, by going to reality itself for drama, the producers have definitely accomplished with the motion picture what no other medium could possibly achieve.

They have, of course, started off with a scenario. They planned, let us say, to take the story of the daily life of a native family, a little more hardy than the rest, which had ventured farther than the tribe into the jungle in order to establish a home. They planned, also, to illustrate day by day the dangers and hardships such a family would encounter, the attacks of tigers and leopards, the wrecking of precious crops, the massive resistance of the strong jungle, ever jealous of man. But a lot had to be left to chance. And precisely here do we find that amazing authenticity which gives the film its power.

The producers have requested audiences not to reveal the derivation of the title, Chang. This is a hard limitation, because the sequence of the film leads up with strong and measured tread to the climax when Chang appears and wreaks untold destruction. But this much one can say, that there are a few moments toward the latter half of the picture when all the bolts of nature are let loose and when, in the immensity of power that sweeps across a suddenly enlarged screen, all the concocted devices of Hollywood thrillers pale into a thin shadow of the unchained thunders of the jungle. Illusion is there in the magical effect wrought by expert photography, but towering above illusion is irresistible reality. Chang is a picture to be seen, and once seen never to be forgotten.

TWO TIMELY PAMPHLETS

SHOULD A CATHOLIC BE PRESIDENT?

Editorials, Articles, and Other Comment from The Commonweal on the Smith-Marshall Controversy.

OBLIGATIONS TO AMERICA

***By* CARLTON J. H. HAYES**

These two Commonweal pamphlets which are really complimentary to each other, should be read by every intelligent Catholic. In, Should a Catholic Be President, the open letter from the editors of The Commonweal in reply to Mr. Charles C. Marshall's letter to Governor Smith, Dr. John A. Ryan's article, Church, State, and Constitution, together with important editorials and correspondence, printed in The Commonweal, have been combined in a pamphlet that is a complete answer to religious intolerance.

Professor Hayes in Obligations to America gives the clearest and most significant summary of the debt of the United States to the spiritual forces, the philosophy, and the social ideas of Catholicism, ever presented in such brief form. At the same time he brings out in bold relief, the obligations of Catholics to this nation and the service they are called upon to give.

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POEMS

God in Maple Street

God walks at evening down our dingy street
  Where lovers stand beneath the shade and say
What two within a garden would repeat
  Once, centuries away.

God walks at evening down our dingy street
  As once in Eden where the trees, like this,
And moon dropped down on lovers' hair their sweet
  Petals and moonlight kiss.

God walks at evening past each sagging house.
  —"Housekeeping Roms for Rent"—a flapping sign!—
As God in Eden smiled to hear their vows,
  He smiles at yours and mine.

"I'll make you happy, dear!" He smiles, for yet
  He knows that woe on us as them will fall,
That, thrust from Eden, we will toil and sweat,
  —And that we'll love it all.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

Second House Down

She watches her cat snoop over the floor
With never a smile and never a frown
And never a glance at the creaking door.
In her dusty cap and her dress of brown,

She sits there rocking and folding her eyes
In veil after veil—till wider they grow,
Till green is the dusk and the old cat sighs
And ever so quietly small things go

Tip-toeing down through the cellar to bed.
She talks to her cat in the candle glow
When his great round eyes are a greenish red
And the tip of his tail moves to and fro;

She talks to her cat and he listens there,
And answers her solemnly, stare for stare.

S. BERT COOKSLEY.

When Stars Look Small

Why hitch your wagon to a star
  When trees are right at hand
And laden thick as they can hold
With drift of silver, rose and gold,
Scattering fragrance near and far
  Through all the sunlit land?

I'm going to tie my little wain
  Inside that flower-hung aisle,
When birds are singing overhead
And fire pinks star the grass with red,
Who cares where stars of paler stain
  May hide themselves the while?

CLARIBEL WEEKS AVERY.

Vision

I

Enkindled

The hands of God have knocked against my heart,
His fingers traced impalpable, strange scars
That down the paths of flesh, like burning stars,
Light the dark sense till flesh and I shall part.
Insistent Guest, He traversed body's inn,
From room to room pursuing Soul that He
Might seize the fugitive, yet prisoned, me,
And to His love deathless surrender win.
See how His flaming contact turns to fire
Myself, the night, the city and the sky!
Hark how to song of infinite desire
It shapes man's multitudinous, sharp cry;
And how the streets where once I dully trod
Ring rhythmic to my heart in love with God!

II

Direction

With wings of shining words you sandaled me,
To rise in an immeasurable flight
Beyond the darkened cells of flesh to light
Flooding the spaces of eternity.
You bared the beauty of death's mystery,
And swept my heart with passionate delight;
You tore away the blinding veils of sight,
That I God's mating with a soul might see.
Now, at your word, I try the Secret Stair
Raised by transcendant saints through the unseen;
Their bread of penance and their draughts of prayer
I take, on their unconquered courage lean.
Speak out again, and loudly, Friend of God—
With eagle's pinion now I must be shod.

III

Fruition

I took my life's growth in my hands and then
I wept to see so strange a stalk, no shoots
Heavy with summer's seed, just stem on roots
Stricken with drought, and storm, and drought again.
My fingers ached along the thwarted wood—
"Oh, God, let it pulse into leaf and flower
And, after flower, fruit; make quick its hour—
How shall a sterile branch to Thee seem good?"
God took my life into His hands and said:
"This plant I prune with sharp, restraining knife,
While down the hills of time the rose rims red;
Yet here, within, the sap laughs sweet with life,
And leaf and flower, fruit and seed shall be
Lovely on mountains of eternity."

GRACE TURNER.

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BOOKS

Life and Work in Mediaeval Europe, by P. Boissonade; translated by Eileen Power. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00.

PROFESSOR BOISSONADE ends his treatise on mediaeval economics by saying that it is from the middle-ages that the rise of labor "to a power of incalculable force in the world takes it date"; and he adds, "it is this which makes this period, so often misunderstood, and so full of a confused but singularly powerful activity, the most important in the history of labor before the great changes witnessed by the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries." The career of the poor was not, of course, independent of Europe as a whole. Indeed, the rise of the serf—if one may use the word as a generic term covering a number of varying stages of servitude—was far less the result of his own efforts than it was the outcome of historical events, and the goal arrived at by the cultural agencies which formed Europe.

To compress the whole story of what happened into a few hundred pages, while carefully preferring the record of facts to speculation no matter how interesting, is no easy task. Professor Boissonade accomplishes it by reason of that gift for popular presentation which he shares with so many other illustrious French scholars. The University of Poitiers, where he teaches history with a brilliancy and gusto altogether remarkable, is the fortunate centre of a passionate interest in the adventures of the past. He himself is the chronicler of Poitou, ancient province in which the deeds of Caesar and the Black Prince blend with the glorious pathos of Saint Jeanne d'Arc; where the courtly intrigues of Eleanor of Aquitaine are remembered by the same archivists who have uncovered the ruins of forgotten primitive Christian baptisteries. A centre of ecclesiastical learning and antiquarian research, Poitiers is itself old enough to impress upon one a salutary perspective in the contemplation of antiquity.

This is not the place to discuss what may be debatable in the conclusions arrived at by Professor Boissonade. The translator's introductory essay draws attention to the most important of these, which have to do chiefly with the nature of the barbarian invasions. Our author takes the stand that these successive inroads into the declining Roman empire had an absolutely catastrophic effect, turning all Europe into a wilderness, destroying the agencies of government and religion, almost banishing hope from the breasts of men. "Their one useful result," he says, "was that they gave finer spirits an impetus to energy and to action, and thus, out of sheer reaction, brought about a series of attempts to return to the traditions of Roman government, and roused the Church to save the remnants of civilization from shipwreck." It was in the East that political order and inherited culture offered the firmest resistance to the myriad attacks of barbarism; and from the fifth to the tenth century, Byzantium was the centre of all genuinely human activity. This period in particular is set forth in Professor Boissonade's volume with great insight and vast correlation of detail.

The bulk of the story consists, however, of the records of western Europe's slow, painful progress toward reconstruction. Chapters dealing with agrarian economy, land ownership, production and exchange, the feudal régime, the growth of commerce, the renaissance of industry and the emancipation of the working classes follow one another in a manner that is concrete and interesting. The author's own consciousness that this old story really deals with ourselves, that the fates of our

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ancestors constitute our own making, is communicated to the reader with a success quite unusual in books dealing with economic history. It is especially noteworthy from the point of view of those who reverence Christianity more than anything else in the world that the rôle of the Church in the salvaging of Europe is set forth with a frankness which has apologetic value even though it never lapses into idealistic dithyrambs. The author is consistently a Frenchman in his attitude toward the European scene, preferring to stress those aspects of the great story which are most intimately associated with the Gallic national past. But though he establishes his own centre, he traces the periphery with a sure hand; and some of his rapid summaries of conditions in England etch themselves on the memory far more clearly than whole chapters written by British historians.

It is, in short, a most useful book, particularly since the absence of scholarly notations and abstruse digressions renders it a manual which the general reader can consult without immediately realizing his hopeless ignorance. The light it casts upon the mediaeval adventure is an excellent addition to the illumination we have been receiving in such generous quantities from students of the arts and philosophies. I may add that the translation, though it does not avoid a tendency to ponderousness, is agreeably correct and forceful.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

The World in the Making, by Count Hermann Keyserling, translated by Maurice Samuel. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE natural tendency of every thoughtful person who takes up this book will be to read it in a spirit of puffed-up excitement, all primed to explode into unreserved admiration as soon as it punctures his consciousness with its great idea of enormous consequence. He will be willing to expend a considerable amount of exasperated attention upon its tortured vocabulary, in confident expectation of a flash of intelligence suddenly set free. Such expectancy surely seems justified—by Keyserling's title, by his romantic career, by the high merit of large portions of his Travel Diary of a Philosopher, by his increasing reputation as director of the new School of Wisdom at Darmstadt, above all by the promise that we shall find in this single volume the key to his enigmatical character and a solution to the most harrowing problems of our generation.

What happens? Well, the autobiography (My Life and My Work) which consumes the first hundred pages does manage to throw a good deal of light on the personality of the author. Through his mother, descended from feudal chieftains and buccaneers, he tells us that he inherited a nature of "volcanic violence, with the instincts of the conqueror and ruler"; and a long paternal line of artistically distinguished aristocratic Keyserlings bequeathed him a super-sensitized intelligence, impressionable beyond description. The tension set up between these two contrasted endowments was, to use his own language, the physiological basis of that particular polarity of his being out of which the special rhythm of his life was to emerge. One result was that he was unable to concentrate, because of nervous weakness, until he took up Indian Yogi exercises in his thirty-second year. Another was that he was able to change his nature, seemingly at will, at four distinct stages of his career (he still believes implicitly in the power of a conscious individual spirit to transform both the internal and the external world by deliberately endowing it with "meaning") and that he could assimilate foreign cultures and modes of thought with inhuman adaptability, as the Travel Diary sufficiently demonstrates. Another result is this book, one of the latest in a rapid and bewildering succession of dogmatic utterances.

Its central thesis begins with an iteration of Spengler's Decline of the West: the old culture is dead, is already supplanted by a barbaric technicalized state, of which the chauffeur is the dominant type. For that state there is only one possible line of advance, intellectually and spiritually—through increasing consciousness. Therein lies Keyserling's important extension to the Spenglerian doctrine. For insight, he holds, can transmute the qualities which almost all people now accept in themselves as final and fixed by destiny; man can thus literally become the master of his own fate, his spirit can be really creative, and his ascendancy over the world is thoroughly realizable. Life itself is "meaning," which man must apprehend and transmit. Understanding may dissolve exclusiveness, the Logos is transferable from one individual to another. Here is the only prospect for general progress, for only what is transferable can survive in this world. This might really be termed a rather noble concept.

And further, Keyserling illuminates it with many a bit of phenomenally keen observation. As, "No impenetrable partition separates psyche from psyche, as it does body from body. All aggregations of individuals necessarily create a true super-individual unity which transforms the individual into something other than it was before. What marriage does in this connection is only the highest expression of what occurs in every personal conversation, in every meeting. So collective souls emerge at every moment, and a collectivity increases its mastery over its component parts in proportion as a relationship is more enduring and many-sided as it faces, as a whole, other collectivities."

Again: "Man wants anything rather than to be free, for to act freely calls for the supremest exertion of effort." Again: "The very recognition of a false adjustment means to be rid of it"; and, "Hate, too, is a form of community; only indifference is not." Again, summing up his own personal significance: "Even as from my childhood on I saw in my body nothing more than an instrument, which I never felt to be identical with my self, so I felt my ego to be, in its essential nature, an instrument of humanity."

If these extracts could only be taken as representative of the general texture of the whole presentation, the big effect would have been made. Unfortunately, the book teems with other remarks whose asininity makes one mistrust, and finally conceive a strange dislike for the author. Take this: "Anglo-Saxons are particularly prone to misunderstand me, because they find it harder than others to conceive that a man is able to serve others precisely by living for himself." Why just Anglo-Saxons? Again: "Anglo-Saxondom has not produced a single questioner and therefore not a single solver and renewer who will bear comparison with those produced by the Greeks, the Germans and the Russians." Shades of Bacon, Newton, Locke and Berkeley; of Darwin, Newman, Carlyle and Mill! Again: "The man of spirit must not be forced to think of a livelihood, . . . he must naturally command whatever means are called for by his mission." Who is to designate the fortunate spiritual man, and pass on the value of his mission? If he is only spiritual enough, he will not demand a livelihood at the expense of others' chances of becoming similarly spiritual. Finally: "Material wealth should be accepted as the expression, faithful to the spiritual meaning, of every possible value."

It is needless to go on garnering a heap of such deplorable aphorisms. They explain why so many people cannot throw

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themselves at the good Count's feet; why he is already designated by so many intelligent Germans as the great repeater (der grosse Wiederholer). How can we believe that a spirit capable of such arrogant errors could possibly be the sincere and consistent propounder of a really vital cultural philosophy? Time may tell us whether or no he is simply a clever collector of good and bad scraps of wisdom from various feasts—a deipnosophist or dinner-table philosopher—for, in spite of his striking accomplishments to date, he is now only forty-seven years old. The huge explosion is not, indeed, liberated by this book, although it does make a seemingly valuable advance into the trenches of indifference, complacency and unconsciousness. It shoots off a rapid fire of small-calibre ordnance—with a fair proportion of disastrous misses.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

The Babbitt Warren, by C. E. M. Joad. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

IF MY impression of the book is correct, Mr. C. E. M. Joad's gravamen against us is chiefly a complaint against our superficiality. After all, is not one obliged to admit that most Americans are nominalists? They are incurably optimistic and romantic. God watches over Americans and "all's well" with, at any rate, our part of the world. It can scarcely be denied that most Americans are congenitally opposed to realism in all its forms, which is the same as to say that most Americans are superficial. And this is not well for America.

I am not at all in sympathy with Mr. Joad's socialism nor with his agnosticism. Had he possessed a more thorough knowledge of American origins, it is my opinion that he would have been conducted to different conclusions about the American nation as a whole. He need not fear that Bolshevism will never have a chance in America. If one accepts merely the data presented by Mr. Joad, there is a real danger that Bolshevism under another name may actually gain a foothold. If Americans only had the habit of looking behind names to things, there would be no occasion for alarm.

And Mr. Joad, too, is something of a nominalist. As a diagnostician he is good; but when he comes to remedies, he is not reliable. He even knows, in many cases, what remedies are needed; but, like his own Babbitts, he is credulous and has not detected the devil in the act of putting poisons in the bottles so innocently labeled. However, he really desires to be just. Not only does he refuse to exalt England at the expense of America, but he chides her for emulating America in almost everything. He indicts "modern civilization" as a whole, admitting that "By 'modern civilization' I mean American civilization, since, as America is undoubtedly our most progressive nation, whatever is true of America will be true in some degree of all the rest."

Just what is Mr. Joad's theory concerning "modern civilization"? He brings "modern civilization" to the test of the triple Poesque criterion of truth, beauty, and goodness, and it is his conclusion that "the newly and indecently rich" Babbitts have made a mess of things.

For example, what we have in America is not scientific truth at all, but the "science" of the Sunday paper supplements which puffs up the business man, big or little, inflating him with a sense of his own importance in a world of so many marvels. As he reads these, he imagines himself a demigod ready to dispense with the indispensable assistance which religion and philosophy are able to bring to him in the solution of his personal problems. Thus the typical Babbitt comes to love the noise and numbers of "big" movements, "religious" or other-

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wise, the while he becomes utterly impervious to truth itself. Beauty may not be taken by storm. Our precipitancy will serve only to frighten the coy damsel, and for all our pains we shall grasp only a shadow. However, the rubber-tired aristocracy thinks otherwise; and its vulgar wooings of beauty remind the observer of the methods used by a dog in digging out a rabbit. Thus beauty becomes gaudiness, and the very compulsion to uniformity in American life prevents the real artist from satisfying the aesthetic needs of well-meaning people. "Mammonart" stands between the artist and his market.

Goodness has also suffered. It is not to be pursued for its own sake. It is a means to an end, that the good man may win heaven (in the Christian view). Thus, when America pursues "goodness" for its own sake, goodness becomes hypocrisy—unconscious hypocrisy perhaps, as Mr. Joad concedes, but hypocrisy nevertheless.

I fear that the Babbitts will not be greatly helped by Mr. Joad's trenchant criticism; and yet, for all that, the contemporary American scene stands out in bold relief under the searchlight of his words. The author of Thrasymachus: or The Future of Morals has not done us the honor of a visit. His survey of America is confessedly at long range; but there may be a decided advantage in all that, which might be lost should the critic come close enough to be assimilated. Mr. Joad is quite right in suggesting, as cures for extroversion, more quiet of soul, the development of an inner life; in short, the ability to "detach oneself at the right time." But does this not mean a return to the lowly Christ?

ROBERT R. HULL.

Gossip About Dr. Johnson and Others: Extracts from the Memoirs of Laetitia Matilda Hawkins, made by Francis Henry Skrine. London: Eveleigh Nash and Grayson. 12/6s.

THE biographers of Samuel Johnson did not love one another. That must be obvious to those who read their "Bozzy" for that prince amongst biographers had many acid remarks about Mrs. Piozzi and still more about Sir John Hawkins. With the other we are not now concerned, but the book under review brings up Hawkins for consideration—Hawkins for whom Johnson coined the word "unclubbable"; whom yet he chose to be his executor, and the booksellers of London—misguided band!—to be his biographer. Laetitia Matilda was Hawkins's daughter, as acid an old maid as ever figured as such in any work of fiction. She lived to a respectable age, dying when she was seventy-five, and, as she had been in the way of meeting all the notabilities of her time, she possessed a vast store of anecdotes and information concerning them, "interesting," says Austin Dobson, "if somewhat spiteful."

From this store she drew for her three volumes of Memoirs, now very rare (the present reviewer, though fairly well read in Johnsonian literature, has never even seen them) but said to be intolerably padded with uninteresting matter. Mr. Skrine has assayed the task of sifting out the wheat and giving it to the public in a single well-printed and illustrated volume, and for that the thanks of lovers of literary history are due to him. What he may have left the present deponent knoweth not, but what he has taken is excellent without exception. Hawkins père was a London magistrate and so much respected as to be honored by receiving knighthood from George III. He wrote the official life of Johnson, which was completely blanketed a year or so afterward by that from the pen of Boswell. It would be difficult for any work to compete with what, by general accord, is the greatest biography ever written; even Laetitia—whose parent was, in his daughter's estimation, the wisest and greatest of his circle—admits that, much as she disliked "Bozzy," his work was far beyond that of her father, which indeed she thought "the worst thing he had ever done."

Hawkins was a well-to-do man apart from his professional remuneration, and he had a keen interest in music and literature. He was, in fact, the author of a great history of music still referred to, though—again unfortunate Hawkins!—it also was temporarily eclipsed by the almost contemporary appearance of the History of Music by Dr. Burney, father of the celebrated Fanny. One section of this book which no one with Johnsonian proclivities can possibly afford to miss is a skit on Johnson written as a jeu d'esprit by Sir Joshua Reynolds and fortunately rescued and printed by Laetitia. Johnson, as Reynolds and Boswell point out, looked upon David Garrick as his own personal property, David having been his pupil and his companion on their first coming to London, both in the last stage of impecuniosity. He never would allow anyone else either to praise or to blame Garrick, though he did both himself, and in disparagement at times went even further than he was wont to go.

Reynolds wrote two dialogues, in the first of which he himself praises Garrick to Johnson who answers—as he would have done—by depreciation. In the second, Gibbon is set up to speak slightingly of Davie, who finds a strong defender in the man who in the previous dialogue had taken an exactly opposite position. It was notorious that Johnson would argue—and for victory—on either side of almost any question, and it is remarkable how well Reynolds hits off his turns of language even though one remembers what close friends and constant companions they were for years. Apropos of that, when Johnson died, someone remarked that it would now be known whether the great man of literature had written the annual addresses delivered by Sir Joshua as president of the Royal Academy and so highly esteemed. Time showed that there was not the slightest truth in that rumor, for Reynolds's addresses are said to have steadily gained in excellence. The skit just mentioned would in itself be sufficient proof of his literary capacity.

The book is not limited by the Johnson circle though what we read about them is perhaps first in interest. There is much matter about the French court just before the Revolution, gleaned by Laetitia from the Comte Jarnac, one of the celebrated Rohan family whose boast was: "Roi ne puis; Prince ne daigne; Rohan je suis." This gentleman, who had been about the French court from his early days, was an émigré who lived near the Hawkins house and was constantly in the company of the knight and his daughter. Then there are two lovely though dissolute women whose names can never be forgotten—"Perdita" Robinson and Emma Harte, afterward Lady Hamilton and the evil angel of Lord Nelson. As one looks on the beautiful features of Perdita one cannot but be reminded of the day on which Richmond Roy, in Meredith's novel, showed her picture hanging in some club to his boy Harry, the hero of the story, and with tears in his eyes said: "She was my mother, my dear." Perdita was one of the many mistresses of that wretched creature who was eventually to become George IV, and the story in question is written round that fact, though Perdita herself never appears in it save as a picture.

This is a book which every Johnson lover will want to add to his collection, and one cannot but hope that Mr. Skrine may make a further inquisition into Laetitia's leavings—perhaps he might collect still another bouquet of anecdotes like that for which we have now to thank him.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

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Ten Years of War and Peace, by Archibald Carey Coolidge. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $3.00.

IN THIS reprint of essays several years old, the author "makes no corrections . . . preferring to accept criticism for opinions which have since proved mistaken" rather than to try to retouch his work "in order to hide some of its flaws." He can well afford to let it stand. His analyses are keen and sound and his opinions sober and conservative. Two particularly good chapters are still timely: The Future of the Monroe Doctrine, and Russia after Genoa and the Hague. The latter balances well Professor Latane's little inconsistency with regard to our Russian policy in his History of American Foreign Policy.

What none of our students of contemporary history seem to realize, however, is the personality of George Chicherin behind Russian policy (in distinction to Bolshevist policy) a clever and disappointed diplomat of the imperial régime, filled with a vision of imperial expansion, thoroughly at odds with bureaucratic methods and foiled thereby of a brilliant career; casting in his lot with the new order, and cynically careless of the fate of his former colleagues and of the system and society of which he and they had once formed part. Through his new connection he has been able to work out parts of the vision he had conceived of Russian expansion in the East, and whatever he has accomplished has been done through the medium of the oriental peoples themselves. He has forced the hand of Europe in every direction, and the resentment for it falls, not on Chicherin, not even on Russia, but on Bolshevism.

I share Mr. Coolidge's opinion concerning the Monroe Doctrine; I do not go with him in his feeling that the United States may have lost material advantages by not recognizing de jure the Bolshevist régime. Russia will not be developed by Russians alone, nor by Europe unaided. Only America is able to undertake operations on the immense scale that Russia's development requires, for only America possesses that experience. Their material problems are of the same nature as our own, covering twice the territory of the United States. They can only be met successfully when it is as safe to meet them as it was to meet our own after the Civil War.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Violet Moses, by Leonard Merrick. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Starling, by Christopher Ward. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

OPINIONS might well differ as to the advisability of the reissuance of Mr. Merrick's first novel; for the faults that made it unsuccessful on its first publication are painfully apparent on the one hand; and, on the other, the possibilities of characterization and other fictional requirements on the part of the author that afterward won him fame are equally apparent.

The first half of the book is heavy with the ex cathedra philosophizing with which only a young novelist would cumber his narrative, and the second half is heavy with unpleasant pictures of gambling Jews who wear the nerves of the reader as agonizingly as they wear the nerves of the heroine. Through all the heaviness, however, glides this fine woman on light but strong feet that will not falter from disgust at the unloveliness to be walked through and that will not be drawn aside into the luring pathway of a great, understanding love which comes too late into her life.

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who jars on her every sensibility; and yet she perseveres as his devoted wife in spite of the well-nigh overwhelming love she later bears another man, who satisfies her spiritual and intellectual needs along with his appeal to her emotions. There is intense dramatic power in the scene in which Violet says her final "No!" to her lover and then returns to sit wearily beside her husband while he gambles through the endless night till dawn. The book is, as a whole, difficult to read and it can but have a depressing effect on the reader.

Christopher Ward's Cynthia Rivers is another woman ill-mated and ill-treated. She is, according to her creator, a starling imprisoned in an unhappy marriage. Being possessed of about the same amount of morality as has the starling, she escapes from her cage and her uncongenial mate to find another mate, and, one is led to assume, perfect freedom to fly hither and yon.

One cannot, of course, be wholly sympathetic with the fair Cynthia, in view of the fact that she deliberately enters what she knows is a money-gilded cage and that, considering her alliance impermanent, she refuses to bear children because children would make the alliance irrevocable. That she might have some obligations in this matter to the man she married does not seem to be recognized by the lady, who goes off into the mountains with some girlhood friends in order to discover whether she really wants to bind herself for life to her husband. It is here that she discovers instead that her choice has already been made for her. Feeling somewhat rebellious, she returns to her husband, only to have her way to freedom opened by the still-birth of her child. The husband, caught finally in a love-affair, furnishes her the excuse for a divorce.

When last we see her she is happily married to an opportunely presented lover and has a child. The husband, too, remarries; and thus we see our starlings get two new cages, manifesting again the strange presumption that those who have wrecked a first marriage are inevitably going to find happiness in a second. Into this decidedly unethical book are thrown, for added moral spiciness, some believers in trial marriage and free love and what-not.

SISTER M. ELEANORE.

Dale Lyrics, by Dorothy Una Ratcliffe. London: The Bodley Head, Ltd. 5s.

The White Rooster, by George O'Neil. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

Returning to Emotion, by Maxwell Bodenheim. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

THE admirable sense of the rural traditions of her native Yorkshire, as well as a general conscience in her song and vision, has given Dorothy Una Ratcliffe a special niche in the shrine of modern English poetry. The softness and mellow charm of English country life has entered her verses and made them lovely with homely lights and winsome attractions. Dale Lyrics carries on this charm from a line of poets which, beginning with Thompson and Goldsmith, was continued through Herrick, John Clare and the poet of The Shropshire Lad. Miss Ratcliffe is country-hearted in all her singing, so we may congratulate ourselves that the pastoral spirit still lives among us.

George O'Neil secured a fixed place in contemporary poetry through his volume The Cobbler in Willow Street; his second collection, The White Rooster, reaffirms the general critical verdict that here we have a young poet of authentic gifts and remarkable individuality. The very personal effect of his poetry is secured not by any rachitic gestures, or flaming passages, or smashing of household crockery. Mr. O'Neil's effects are produced rather in a smoothness of tone, a seasoned and sombre reflectiveness that faintly recalls Edgar Allan Poe. His images are seldom entirely objective, but carry his personality into regions that are difficult to plumb and have the eeriness and fairy-like charm of shifting mirages. Mr. O'Neil's velvet glove is on an iron hand and one confidently looks forward to bigger achievements from it.

Returning to Emotion is the rather self-conscious proclamation of Maxwell Bodenheim's new volume of poetry. In spite of his publisher's jacket, he fails to impress us as either mordant or ironic nor does he show the terrible stride that is supposed to indicate the blond approach of a Carlovingian emperor. Lapses of taste, queer acrobatic leapings of verse and thought, indicate disorder rather than power in his writing, and the introduction of phrases of a rather Elizabethan crudity result in nothing more than a sense of the poet's deliberate desire to look wicked in print. His sense of character—imaginary character at that—overcomes his aesthetic perceptions, if he has any, and one can approve heartily when he says:

> "Yes, I am weary of the over-loud
> Wars between mind and emotion,
> And I will walk with silent inquiry,
> Down the mongrel ways of city streets,
> Beside the figure of my love."

THOMAS WALSH.

The Harvest of the Years, by Luther Burbank with Wilbur Hall. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $4.00.

THIS book may at once be accepted as a genuine autobiographical document, though it has been given shape and coördination by Wilbur Hall, whose precedent biographical sketch of Burbank is a sincere, tender and human appreciation. As a revelation of the naturalist's soul life, his "intimate friendship with plants," the volume has the warmth, spontaneity and charm which a very individual and attractive personality exhales. And everywhere, interwoven with colorful description of the varied and ranging interests of "a naturalist living close to the things of nature and impressed and inspired and enthused by them," are his reflections on the underlying causes of things, his endeavors to develop a philosophy of life founded on his human and scientific investigations.

There is little doubt that Luther Burbank's memorable San Francisco address, the reaction from which Wilbur Hall calls the direct cause of his death, was widely misrepresented. On the testimony of his own book, Burbank was an agnostic rather than an atheist; and to him the spiritual nature of man represented, to use his own words: "the desire to help ourselves and others to higher and better thoughts and environments . . . to a more perfect state of harmony with environment." The word "environment," however, is the key to the subtle, underlying pathos of this thoughtful and sincere record of a life helpfully, happily and nobly lived. Its "environment" throughout is that of earth; its outlook that of the scientist to whom "Religion is so remote from the subject of his research" that in the end it ceases to exist for him, and makes "the 'life everlasting' a phrase."

And it was because this kindly, lovable man could not vision God behind the shifting veils of evolutionary change that he saw "the mockery of dogma" as the antithesis of "the highest spiritual development," and the chief article of his creed "the one sure, certain, permanent, eternal thing we can positively know anything about" became "the immortality of influence."

FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

Contrary to his usual habit, Doctor Angelicus, after a short "good morning," lapsed into a silence: this struck Hereticus as so unhealthy that he began to sway up and down nervously in the new wicker rocking-chair which has just come into the library. The rustle of newspapers, typewriters and snipping scissors filled the room with its old susurrus, when with a groan Angelicus muttered:

"Don't rock up and down so regularly, Hereticus; you bring back the whole threescore of them!"

"Of whom?" asked the solicitous rocker.

"The elephants! The elephants! Oh, how they swayed and rocked, Hereticus! How they swallowed the eternal peanuts and held up their plaintive nozzles to the little boys in prayer for more and more! And the odors and unseemly manners of hippopotamus and hyena! The ghastly dignity of the giraffes looking down at us as though they were best-selling novelists: the poor denuded brows of the ostrich: the fat horses galloping around the ring with the coryphees and clowns on their backs: athletic mothers from western farmlands, decked in spangles, swinging their children from trapezes high in air as though they were milk-pails: and the Siamese elephant, pallid under his talcum powder and the white spotlight—oh, the congested youth that surged over me. 'I am old, Father William!' I could have cried, as the great audience shook with laughter when one clown struck his brother punchinello with a hammer on the bald spot, or when the old lady with a tea-cup blew smoke from her nostrils with each sip of her Bohay. Then the children of the party, having eaten more peanuts than were good for them, or the monkeys, turn sick, as Cleopatra in her barge drawn by the draped camels, waves her fan at the placards that warn us to stop smoking, and a little boy behind me, in excitement at seeing the Zulus waving their assegais from a box on the elephant's back, drips his ice-cream cone down my collar. Never again, never be young again, Hereticus —never intrude upon nursery delights or interests. Leave the baby intelligentsia to the nursemaids and avoid the fearful mental congestion of youth and five-ring-circuses from which I am doomed to suffer!"

❧ ❧ ❧

"The terrors of the deep had a new illustration last month when the army cable-ship, investigating a break in the line between Seattle and Ketchican, pulled up the knotted wire, in which a whale was helplessly entangled. It was found that the cable, covered by gutta percha and a heavy armoring difficult to sever even with machinery, was cut in eight different places by the mammal's bites." The Doctor removed his glasses, and moralized: "I have often wondered at my difficulties with our central telephone station, and I am convinced that some members of this whale's family must be at large in our city; there could be no better explanation of the crossed wires and the double-crossed operators, the calls for cab stations that rouse me from my early morning slumbers and the guttural deep-sea voices that inquire if the cook is at home, or why the bootlegger is taking so much time in his deliveries."

"At any rate, the spawn of some of these whales," added Hereticus, seriously, "might be obtained and trained to masticate the wires after midnight. I remember once when our old Dean Smithington arrived at the convocation complaining that his collie dog had seized and scattered the manuscript of his address, so that he would be obliged to confine himself to a few remarks instead of the formal oration he had prepared. H. C.,

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the professor of therapeutics, then asked him if it would not be feasible to procure a litter of this collie's puppies and to present each of the professors of the college with a canine adjunct for their studies. After attending the college commencement, I infer that his system has been a failure."

❦ ❦ ❦

After a long hour devoted to work, that is, psychical not physical exertion, in which the sound of the hammer upon the iron-structure is rarely heard, Doctor Angelicus was first to break the silence with a sigh:

"I have a need of silence and of stars: too much is said too loudly: I am dazed.

"The silken sound of whirled infinity is lost in voices shouting to be heard."

Whereupon, not to be outdone in poetry, Hereticus droned:

"Measure me out from the fathomless tun
That somewhere or other you keep
In your vasty cellars, O mighty one,
Twenty gallons of sleep."

"The suggestion in that last line is anti-Volsteadian, not early Victorian," retorted Angelicus. "The day is sultry, so I may be excused for quoting from A. P. Herbert's Two Gentlemen in Soho, as a corollary to your lines, Hereticus:

"Pluck me ten berries from the juniper
And in the beaker of strong barley spirit
The kindly juices of the fruit compress.
Fly south for Italy, nor come you back
Till in the cup you have made prisoner
Two little thimblefuls of that sweet syrup
The Romans call Martini. Pause o'er Paris
And fill two eggshells with the French vermuth.
Wring from an orange two bright tears, and shake—
Shake a long time—the harmonious trinity.
And see there swims an olive in the bowl,
Which when the draught is finished, shall remain
Like some sad emblem of a perished love."

The nearby Rockefeller chimes began to peal for five o'clock.

"Come, Angelicus," replied Hereticus, in a husky voice, "let us take a taxi to the club."

A silence, perfect and unalloyed, fell over the library, where Primus Criticus, bowed over his manuscript, sighed to himself:

"Ah, Pagliacci, your heart was breaking then! I know that sound."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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